

PLAYBOY

MARCH 2015

SOUTH AFRICA



WHAT DREAMS ARE MADE OF...



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MARCH 2015

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THIS MONTH'S HIGHLIGHTS

*Take time to see the wonders of the world
To see the things you've only ever heard of
Dream life the way you think it ought to be
See things you thought you'd never ever see*

.....
*These are the things
The things that dreams are made of**

*song by the British electronic new wave group, The Human League

If you have trouble filling in some of the blanks to complete the list of things that you believe dreams are made of, we're here to help this month. Whether it's introducing you to the super-fit, super-sensual **Miss March, Erica Gore**, who's pursuing her dreams in the City of Angels or offering you special entrée into the weird and wonderful **erotic world of Salvador Dali**, we've got it all. If you enjoy this classic trip into the mind of this great artist, we've got another **retro pictorial from Richard Fegley**, which needs little interpretation. For those who relish even more of a trip down fantasy lane, allow us to invite you into photographer **Kesler Tran's Garden of Earthly Delights**. But first we suggest you start off your day with **Polish model, Anita Sikorska**, basking in the early rays of sunlight. Then top it off with **an afternoon with Sarah Domke**. Yes, we've got you covered round the clock. We also consider the grand ambitions of different people in our features this month. Our most impressive visual story takes you inside **the mind of architect Zaha Hadid** who has just completed her design for a very serious and significant initiative being undertaken by **human rights activist, Youk Chhang, in Cambodia**. Read more about the Sleuk Rith Institute and see how architecture can be used to both remember a traumatic past and envision a better future.

Then we move to another form of remembering – looking back at the infamous **Tyson-Douglas boxing showdown** 25 years ago. PLAYBOY speaks to all those who were involved and gives you a blow-by-blow account of what went wrong and why. But if you're interested in something that's going right, check out the magic that's being made by a **trio of passionate chefs** who have come to dominate the New York entertainment scene in just two years. Looking for a quick fix for your career blues and think that you missed out on the coding and computer programming wave? Read about one of the **hacker schools** promising you can find work in a start-up after just nine weeks with them.

Finally, if you want some ideas on how to **spend your six-figure income**, go straight to our lifestyle and playlist sections. We've got suggestions for the **best cars of the year**, the best tech in golf clubs, as well as music, movies, food, drink, fashion and style.

Indulge in the things that dreams are made of. We're always here to help.



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The pitch is simple: pay \$12,000, spend nine weeks learning how to program computers, and you'll land a six-figure salary at start-ups around the world. Sound too good to be true? It isn't. At hacker schools like Dev Bootcamp, twenty-somethings walk in as pizza delivery drivers and walk out working for Facebook. Will Butler enters the opaque Silicon Valley tech scene to discover whether these schools are all they're cracked up to be.
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Two years ago, three guys from the Bronx formed a culinary collective that marries haute cuisine and hip-hop and quickly established themselves as the go-to high-concept caterers to rappers, fashionistas and tastemakers from Brooklyn to Copenhagen. They've cooked for Raekwon and Kendrick Lamar at SXSW, brought the South Bronx to the South of France at Cannes, and now they have their sights set on worldwide culinary domination. Meet Ghetto Gastro, the coolest crew in food.
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PLAYBOY NEWS

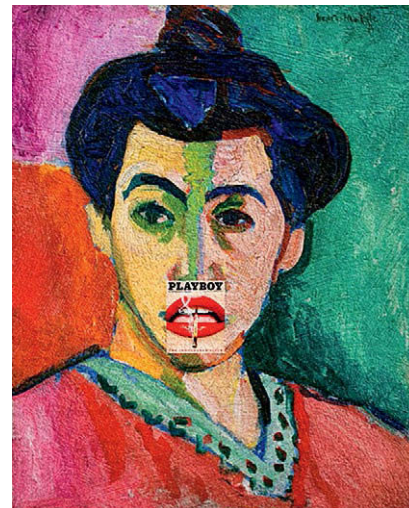
NAVEL GAZING

Have you ever wondered which shape of belly button is the most attractive? Neither have we, but surgeons at the National University of Singapore's Yong Loo Lin School of Medicine compared the navels of 37 Playmates and determined that the ideal is oval and vertically oriented. Now that they mention it, PMOY 2014 Kennedy Summers (right) does possess a flawless example.



FINEST ART

Filipino artist Eisen Bernard Bernardo perfectly positions magazine covers, including PLAYBOY's, onto classic works of art. Among the covers he has mashed up is this one. "To me the lips on the cover evoke sensuality and mystery," he says. "I added the cover to Henri Matisse's *Portrait of Madame Matisse (The Green Line)* to produce a perplexing image of a woman."



EVOLUTION OF A GENTLEMAN

Cooper Hefner designed a hoodie that he sold on Booster.com and donated the proceeds to the HMM Foundation. "I took the notion from the march of progress," he says. "Instead of evolution stopping at man, I continued to the modern gentleman, the PLAYBOY man – an individual defined by reverence, sophistication and freedom."



SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

E! News came to Playboy headquarters for the launch of the Biofit x Playboy intimates line. "Playboy has celebrated the feminine form for more than 60 years," says Playboy Global Licensing President Matt Nordby.



ED'S PICKS FROM FULL NUDE PICTORIALS

BLANCA BROOKE
MISS NOVEMBER

<http://playboy.co.za/playmates/blanca-brooke-2>

In case you missed your favorite Playmate's pictorial, you can now see some of our Ed's picks from her shoot on our website just by registering as a free member at www.playboy.co.za. Or, you can always go get a back copy of her digital issue at MySubs www.bit.ly/YEBgkw or ZINIO www.bit.ly/GQ78VD



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THE CUTTING EDGE

SHAVE POINTS OFF YOUR HANDICAP WITH THE NEW CLASS OF IRONS

It may not be easy to see from the sand trap, but this is a golden era for golf irons. Engineers have fine-tuned the classic iron in a quest to add more control to your trajectory while wringing even more distance out of your shot. Whether you're a beginner or a clubhouse regular, these irons will get you out of any rough spot you find yourself stuck in.

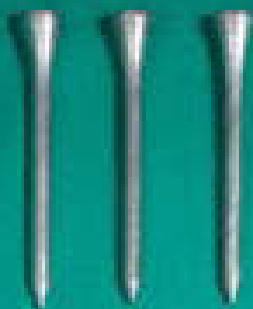
POWER PLAYER

ADD THIS HOT DRIVER TO YOUR ARSENAL

Irons are no longer the only clubs with cavity backs. Nike introduced the VR S Covert driver, which hides a hollow spot under its crown (hence its name). An adjustment system allows changes to the loft and face angle for 15 different combinations.

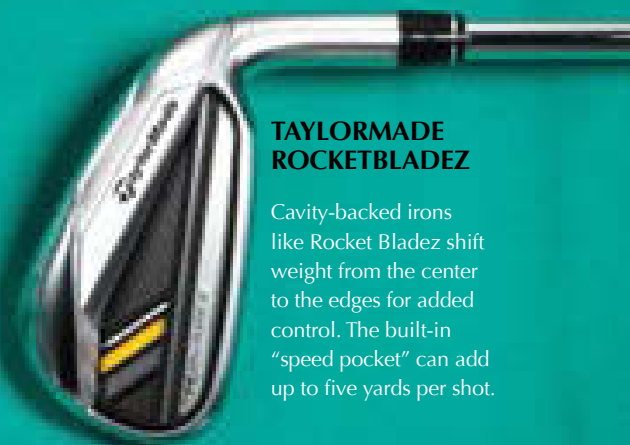


PHOTOGRAPHY BY SATOSHI



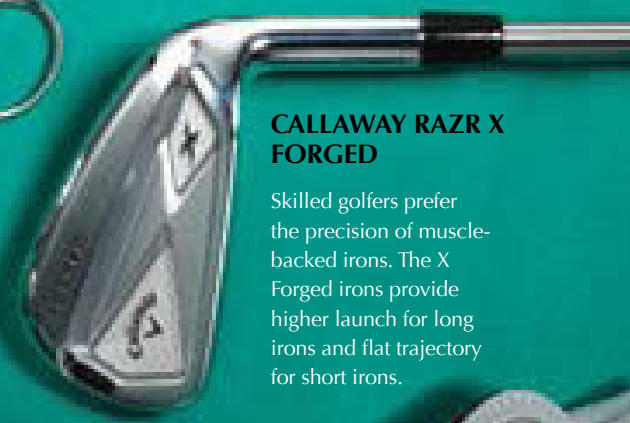
ADAMS GOLF IDEA TECH

The V4's design increases distance and launch angle, helpful in the rough. The hybrid versions are weighted to be forgiving, making them ideal for novices.



TAYLORMADE ROCKETBLADEZ

Cavity-backed irons like Rocket Bladez shift weight from the center to the edges for added control. The built-in "speed pocket" can add up to five yards per shot.



CALLAWAY RAZR X FORGED

Skilled golfers prefer the precision of muscle-backed irons. The X Forged irons provide higher launch for long irons and flat trajectory for short irons.



ROBOTIC EVOLUTION

DRIVERLESS CARS, DRONES AND OTHER AUTOMATONS ARE TAKING OVER



Your car drives you home while a drone delivers the latest microbrew to your doorstep: It could happen. The idea for driverless cars dates back to the Roaring Twenties, when the radio-controlled Linrrican Wonder negotiated Manhattan's busy Fifth Avenue. By 1995 a humanless

Mercedes-Benz S-Class car had traveled 990 miles through Europe, sometimes at 109 miles an hour.

Three years ago Google unveiled a robotic car with an eyelike GPS camera mounted on the roof. By 2014 Google had dozens of driverless prototypes in its clandestine X lab. The vehicles, nicknamed Firefly, use

a combination of laser and radar sensors, cameras and GPS to navigate via highly detailed Google Maps, which provide the system with everything from directions to specifics regarding stop signs and curb height. California law now allows the vehicles on its roads for test-driving, but challenges remain: If a stoplight hasn't been mapped, Google's driverless car could miss it.

Engineers will figure it out. Pundits predict 75 percent of cars will be driverless by 2040, and Google claims the cars could eventually cut vehicle-related deaths in half. True, autopilot may be a few years off, but many of the world's car companies plan to include driver-assist technology to reduce accidents – this year. When fully driverless cars do arrive, experts say they'll be so safe you'll sleep peacefully behind the wheel.

Unlike driverless cars, personal drones are already here. Amazon and Google hype their delivery drones for bringing stuff to your home. Jeff Bezos hopes Amazon's fleet will deliver to your door within 30 minutes after you place an order. While the FAA considers regulations, drones are already being used to take wedding videos, help paparazzi spy and film such blockbusters as *Skyfall*. Want your own? Ready-to-fly models such as the IRIS+ now cost under \$800, and prices will likely drop. As many as 1,500 different models are being made to accommodate the needs of detectives, oceanographers, real estate agents and would-be pilots. Soon to come: Nixie, a tiny wearable model you launch from your wrist.

DRONE ON

Are drones music to your ears? Former Velvet Underground musician John Cale (pictured) loves their buzzing and humming. Cale partnered with London architect Liam Young for a project involving ambient sounds and robotic aircraft. The production, called *LOOP>>60Hz*, features Cale



performing selections from his catalog of more than four decades of experimental music while Young and a collection of pilots direct a fleet of drones above the audience (seated beneath a precautionary safety net). The drones, decorated in everything from feathers to disco balls, mix with the lights and occasionally drop glitter on the crowd. Cale described it as "a bleak tapestry of unholy noises," but it also undeniably addresses the ubiquity of drones.

Cars of the Year

FROM NEW YORK TO L.A., MARRAKECH TO PUGLIA, WE RACKED UP MILES – AND TICKETS – IN THE NAME OF CROWNING THE YEAR'S BEST AUTOMOBILES

BY WILLIAM K GOCK

■ SEDANS & COUPES | WINNER

Mercedes-Benz | S63 AMG 4MATIC COUPE

\$160,900

Normally two separate categories, this division is dominated this year by a single champion – no easy task. The new Mercedes-Benz S-Class touring coupe achieves this with a 577 hp bi-turbo V8 that dashes and eludes like Manny Pacquiao and protects with a stiff defense. But the S63 isn't about muscle and handling alone; it pampers up to four adults with luxury-level accommodations. After experiencing firsthand the "hot-stone massage"

seats and cabin atomizer aromatherapy, we've learned to appreciate the S63's softer side. Alas, we know M-B's full stable of electronic coaches – more like nannies – are the precursor to autonomous travel. But for now the driving game doesn't get much better than this.



BRANDEN T. CÔTÉ

Exclusive vehicles manager, AMG and designo

"The S63 brings technology into the vehicle far beyond infotainment, improving the driving experience and raising the level of luxury. This vehicle will turn any commute into a spa day – a really fast and exhilarating spa day."



■ SPORTS CARS & CONVERTIBLES | WINNER

Alfa Romeo | 4C

\$55,195

The gorgeous Italian exchange student you loved in high school isn't coming back, but Alfa Romeo finally is after years away. The stunning 4C, the brand's first U.S. import in two decades, arrives stacked in the back courtesy of a mid-engine-mounted 237 hp turbo four capable of zero to 60 in 4.1 seconds. This lightweight carbon-fiber-framed pistol uses flowing body curves, highly

stylized alloy wheels and a monstrous engine roar to announce Alfa's grand return. Behind the wheel it's obvious the 4C is a machine built for high-speed cornering, not casual trips to the corner store, which is more than enough to earn our esteem.



REID BIGLAND
NAFTA region head,
Alfa Romeo

"The 4C is an attainable mid-engine exotic car that delivers the wants of a driving purist, with direct steering feedback, dynamic throttle response and immediate shifting and braking reactions – a precise and visceral experience that embodies more than 100 years of the Alfa Romeo brand's technical development and racing tradition."



UWE
ELLINGHAUS
Chief marketing
officer, Global
Cadillac

"Making 4G LTE standard on all Cadillacs makes sense not just for drivers but for all passengers. It's obviously great for road trips, but having 4G LTE connectivity has benefits beyond entertainment. In the long run this technology will simplify troubleshooting vehicle diagnostics and enhance safety."

■ CUVs & SUVs | WINNER

Cadillac | ESCALADE

\$72,970

While other automakers focused on crossover improvements, Cadillac moved a more refined big man back into its rotation. The totally redesigned Escalade embraces Caddy's hard-angled design language and recalls the boxed-out silhouette that first made this seven-seater an all-star. Assembled in Texas, the unapologetic Escalade now boasts a belt-

buckle-size crest and giant tail lamps. The real jewelry includes reliable 4G LTE wi-fi, a luxury cabin deserving of the car's price point and a powerful 6.2-liter V8. It's a rebound that's more than worthy of the highlight reel.



■ GREEN/ALT. POWER | WINNER

BMW | i8

\$135,700

Thank you, BMW, for recognizing that respect for mother nature doesn't have to come wrapped in a burlap sack. In delivering its dual-powered (a 1.5-liter three-cylinder and an electric motor) plug-in hybrid, the brand historically known for its M-powerment shows that green may indeed be the new black. With vertical-lift doors, clever LED illumination and an overall aesthetic that mimics Venus emerging from the

clamshell, the i8 grabs as much attention as any sports car or exotic auto on the road. Pulling a zero-to-60 time of just 4.2 seconds, the eco-conscious and sustainable four-seater will make a visceral run at many of them too. The i8 proves that green doesn't have to be as dull as a kale salad.



JOSE GUERRERO
i product manager, BMW

"From subframes constructed of recycled aluminum to the dye used to tan the leather upholstery, which is made of extract of olive leaves to reduce chemicals, every aspect of the i8's production has been approached with sustainability in mind."

■ SPLURGE: T-SHIRT VS. TUX

Lamborghini | HURACÁN

\$237,250

So your annual bonus has left some extra cheddar in your pocket. Perhaps it's time for that Aventador you've been eyeing. Call us crazy, but after prodding both of Sant'Agata Bolognese's latest builds, we'd be apt to splurge on the less pricey Huracán. Enter the eye of this man-made tempest and experience perfectly controlled chaos. Toggling through the car's ANIMA driving-mode selector changes its 602 hp V10's demeanor from Strada (rough translation: sweatpants and espresso) to Sport and finally to Corsa, a race mode that sprints you straight to the gym.



Rolls-Royce | GHOST II

\$291,350

Take your shoes off. No, seriously. Although it's the dressier, more buttoned-up winner of the category, everything from floor to ceiling in this refreshed Ghost from RR's Goodwood plant will make you want to loosen up. The plush high-pile carpeting is toe-tickling, and the leather is as soft as warm butter. Running late for your ferry to the Vineyard? Not even a mash of the throttle will kill your vibe, as the Ghost's behemoth twin-turbo V12 doesn't lunge or surge; it just disappears. And yes, in contrast to the Phantom, it is socially acceptable to pilot this one yourself.

VS.



■ Car of ■ the Year | WINNER

Porsche | 911 CARRERA GTS

\$115,195

Most honeymoons last all of a week. Our passionate fling with the Porsche 911 Carrera has run strong for seven years and counting. Tricks such as a turbo here and a crazy robo-roof there have kept the fire alive, but it's the latest incarnation, the GTS, that has inflamed our ardor. Marketed as a bridge between the Carrera S and the track-tricked GT3, the flat-six GTS is noticeably faster, wider and better tuned than most of its variants. But what gives the Carrera GTS unique appeal over the queen bee GT3? The option of a stick shift. Yes, we know,

as lowly humans we can't outperform Porsche's intuitive, lightning-quick PDK gearbox (we've tried), but cars were invented to outmode the horse, and plenty of cowboys still enjoy saddling up, no? Reined in, the 430 hp GTS gurgles with an almost nostalgic note at idle, but it screams for more with every curve and straightaway you throw at it. We're drunk in love all over again.



RANT

The Year of the Identity Crisis



We learned a lot in 2014, particularly about car companies that suffer identity problems. The best example: the \$60K Kia K900 (1), which not even the almighty Morpheus could sell. What red-pill popper

would drop that much on an economy brand when there's a \$66K Maserati up for grabs, right? Wrong, actually (more on that in a bit). Kia's K900 is a good enough car. It's quick and packed with electronics. But the marshmallowy drive feel and overall lack of character probably make the hamsters cry at night. With the \$66K Ghibli, Maserati – known for

opulent Italian eroticism – has served up a lukewarm version of the Quattroporte that's not much fun to look at, be in or even pronounce. Our recommendation if you really need to shake up your image? Make like Jaguar (2) and look to your past. The marque's hard shift back to its deep racing roots is the F'in'-Type change we just can't get enough of.



**EDUARDO
RUIZ'S
DUCK-
BREAST
NACHOS**

The Corazón y Miel chef takes refined French techniques and ingredients to a lower level in the very best way.

Ingredients

3 roma tomatoes, quartered
1 onion, quartered
2 jalapeños, halved lengthwise
2 garlic cloves
Olive oil
2 dried guajillo chilies, stems off
2 dried arbol chilies, stems off
2 duck breasts, skin on
Kosher salt
10 oz. cooked pinto beans (canned beans will work)
1 bag of your favorite tortilla chips
8 oz. shredded Manchego cheese
8 oz. shredded sharp cheddar

Garnishes

Sliced radishes, chopped cilantro, halved cherry tomatoes

MACHO NACHOS

A TOP CHEF UPGRADES THE GO-TO GAME-DAY DISH...WITH DUCK FAT

Classically trained chefs across the US have been recasting manly mainstays as something fresh and bold, and nachos are the newest target. We called on chef Eduardo Ruiz from the progressive pan-Latin restaurant Corazón y Miel in Bell, California to show us how duck fat and a bit of French tradition play into this masculine staple. "As chefs, it's in our nature to swag things out," says Ruiz. "The bar is set so low for nachos that anything seems possible."

Directions

1. Preheat oven broiler to 500 degrees. Place tomatoes, onion, jalapeños and garlic on an oven-safe tray. Drizzle olive oil over vegetables. Place tray in oven for 15 minutes until vegetables are golden brown.
2. Place guajillo and arbol chili peppers in a saucepan and cover with water. Place pan over medium-high heat and bring to a simmer for 10 minutes.
3. While vegetables are in oven and chilies are cooking, rinse duck breasts and pat dry with a paper towel. Using a sharp knife, score each duck-breast skin about 10 times, creating a crosshatch pattern.
4. Warm a cast-iron skillet over medium-high heat, then drizzle a teaspoon of olive oil in

it. Place duck breasts in skillet, skin-side down, and cook for 12 minutes, until skin is golden brown. Flip duck breasts and cook for five minutes. Turn off heat and let breasts rest in skillet.

5. To make salsa: Remove cooked vegetables from oven and place in a blender with chilies and remaining water. Add a tablespoon of salt and blend until smooth. Add water as needed.

6. To make duck-fat refried beans: Remove duck breasts from skillet and turn up heat. To the residual duck fat in the skillet add cooked beans and bean liquid. Once hot, smash beans with a spoon or fork. Remove from skillet.

ASSEMBLY

Place tortilla chips in cast-iron skillet and top with duck-fat refried beans, salsa, cheese and sliced duck breast. Place in preheated 200-degree oven until cheese melts (about five minutes). Top with fresh cilantro, sliced radishes and cherry tomatoes.

BLOODY GOOD

THE SECRET TO THE PERFECT BLOODY MARY IS ALL IN THE SPICE

The world is full of abominable versions of the bloody mary festooned with a farmers market's worth of cilantro and baby corn. And they tend to taste like some boozy fusion gazpacho instead of a nuanced 21st century cocktail. Jim Meehan, co-owner of New York's legendary bar PDT, and Lior Lev Sercarz, who custom blends spices for restaurants such as Le Bernardin, have joined forces to create a simple and delicious corrective: a collection of spice blends and recipes that play into the essential flavors of your favorite spirit. The recipe here is spiked with their La Boîte B-Mary spice blend, made with pimentón and celery seed, which echoes the classic flavors of the original drink. Now put away that salad spinner and get drinking.

THE SPICE IS RIGHT

New York's La Boîte is the go-to spice shop for chefs around the world. Its line of bloody mary spices includes a caraway-based blend for an aquavit variation and a tequila-ready chipotle-and-green-chili blend. One hundred and fifty bucks buys enough spice to make 40 cocktails.

(www.laboiteny.com)

LA BOÎTE BLOODY MARY

Ingredients

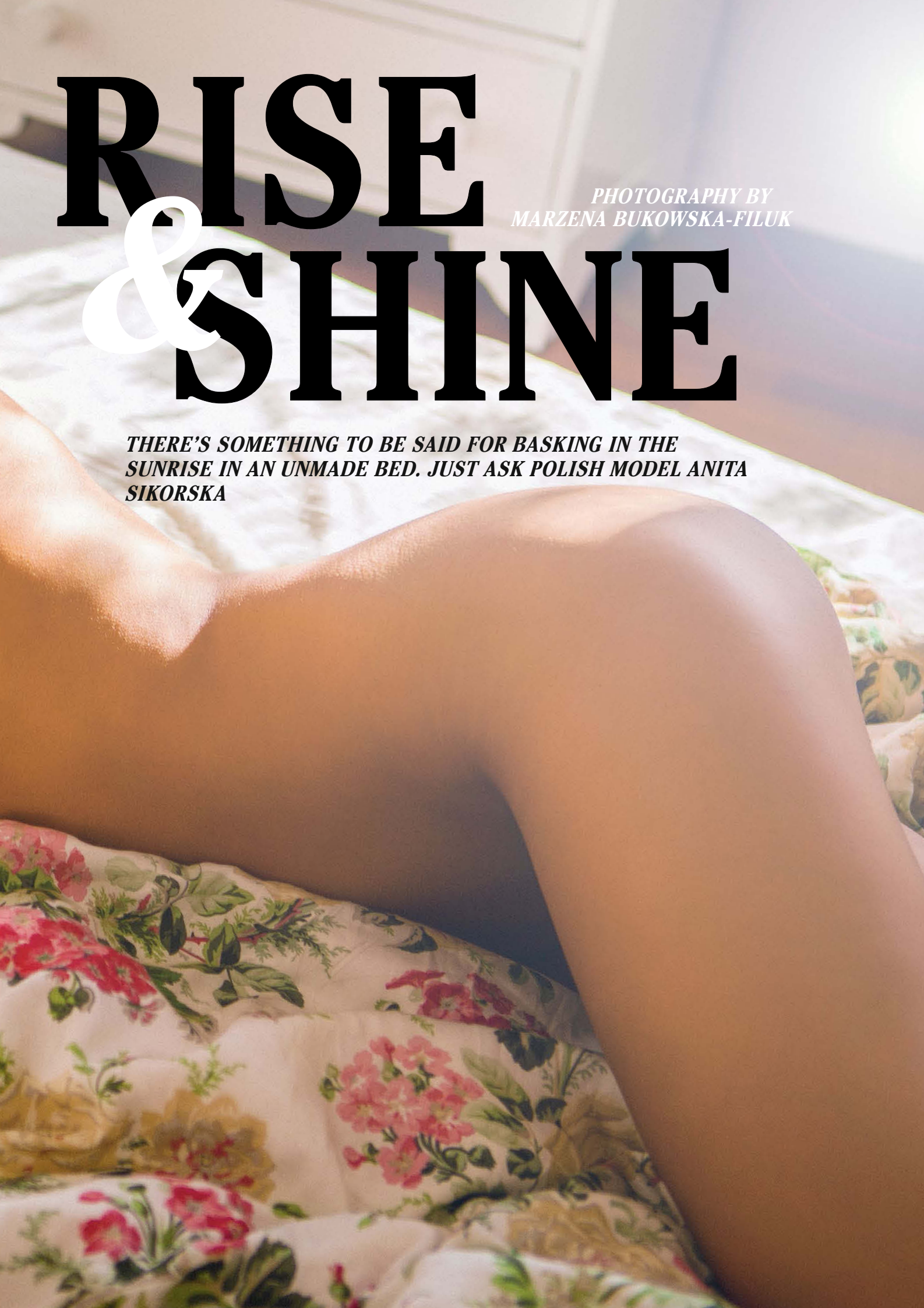
- 4 oz. tomato juice
- 1½ oz. vodka
- ¼ oz. lemon juice
- ¼ oz. lime juice
- ¼ oz. Lea & Perrins Worcestershire sauce
- ½ tsp. Gold's horseradish
- ½ tsp. B-Mary spice blend
- ¼ tsp. Cholula hot sauce

Prep

Add ingredients to mixing glass and fill with ice. Stir, then pour through strainer into chilled pint glass filled with ice. Garnish with celery stalk.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CRAIG CUTLER





RISE & SHINE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
MARZENA BUKOWSKA-FILUK

*THERE'S SOMETHING TO BE SAID FOR BASKING IN THE
SUNRISE IN AN UNMADE BED. JUST ASK POLISH MODEL ANITA
SIKORSKA*





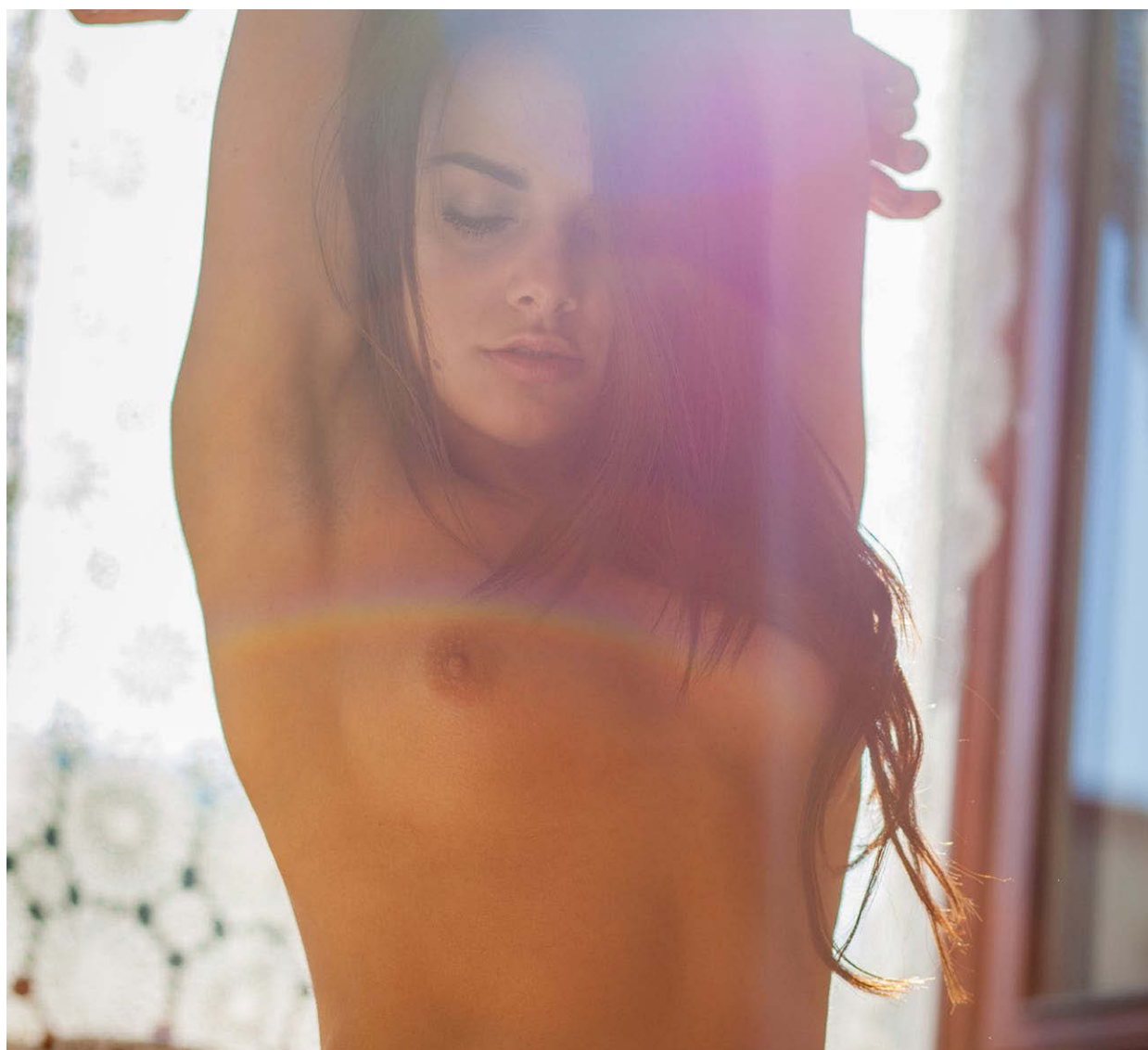














COMMEMORATIVE ARCHITECTURE

IMAGES COURTESY ZAHA HADID ARCHITECTS

CAMBODIA'S SLEUK RITH INSTITUTE

How can architecture help a society deal with a traumatic history and envision a better future? Cambodian human rights activist, Youk Chhang, and architect, Zaha Hadid, have a vision.



During the 1970s Youk Chhang, at the age of 15, was a prisoner under the Khmer Rouge and members of his family were victims of the regime. Chhang became a tireless human rights activist and, through his Documentation Centre of Cambodia, he spent more than a decade amassing details of atrocities committed by the former Cambodian regime, The Democratic Kampuchea (DK). He is also the founder of the Sleuk Rith Institute, which has been established as a focus for reflection, healing and reconciliation. Its design was recently unveiled by Zaha Hadid Architects.

The Institute will become home to the one million documents in the archives of the Documentation Centre of Cambodia and, along with the largest collection of genocide related material in Southeast Asia, will also become a global center for education and research into the documentation, causes and prevention of genocide. In all, the Institute will bring together a museum, research center, graduate school, document archives and research library.



“The best memorials are not objects we visit once, contemplate, and file away. The best memorials evoke reflection and commemoration, but are also living, dynamic public places that engage with all generations in the community.”
– Youk Chhang.



For the architects at Zaha Hadid, despite the tragic history explored at the institute, Chhang's research led to a very considered brief for the building that promoted reflection and reconciliation, and also inspired and innovated. "Cambodia will never escape its history," explained Chhang, "but it does not need to be enslaved by it. Post-conflict societies have to move on." For Zaha Hadid, this vision required a direction that breaks from some of the stereotypes associated with genocide memorial architecture. "In the context of genocide and mass atrocity, memorial architecture has tended to reflect the evil and misfortune of the historical period it represents," Chhang agrees. "In this sense, the architecture's legacy is dark, somber, and firmly oriented to the past."

"We were keen to create a forward-looking institution that deviates from the distress-invoking, quasi-industrial, harshness of most existing genocide memorial models. This is not to criticize or denigrate such models but, instead, to emphasize that in light of a Cambodia's rich cultural and religious traditions, we must move in a different and more positively-oriented direction."

The site is located in the grounds of the Boeung Trabek High School in Phnom Penh, south of the city center. The existing school buildings (now abandoned when the high school moved to its new

premises) were used as a re-education camp during the Khmer Rouge regime – as were many schools in Cambodia – making this a fitting location for the Institute: building on the past to educate the future.

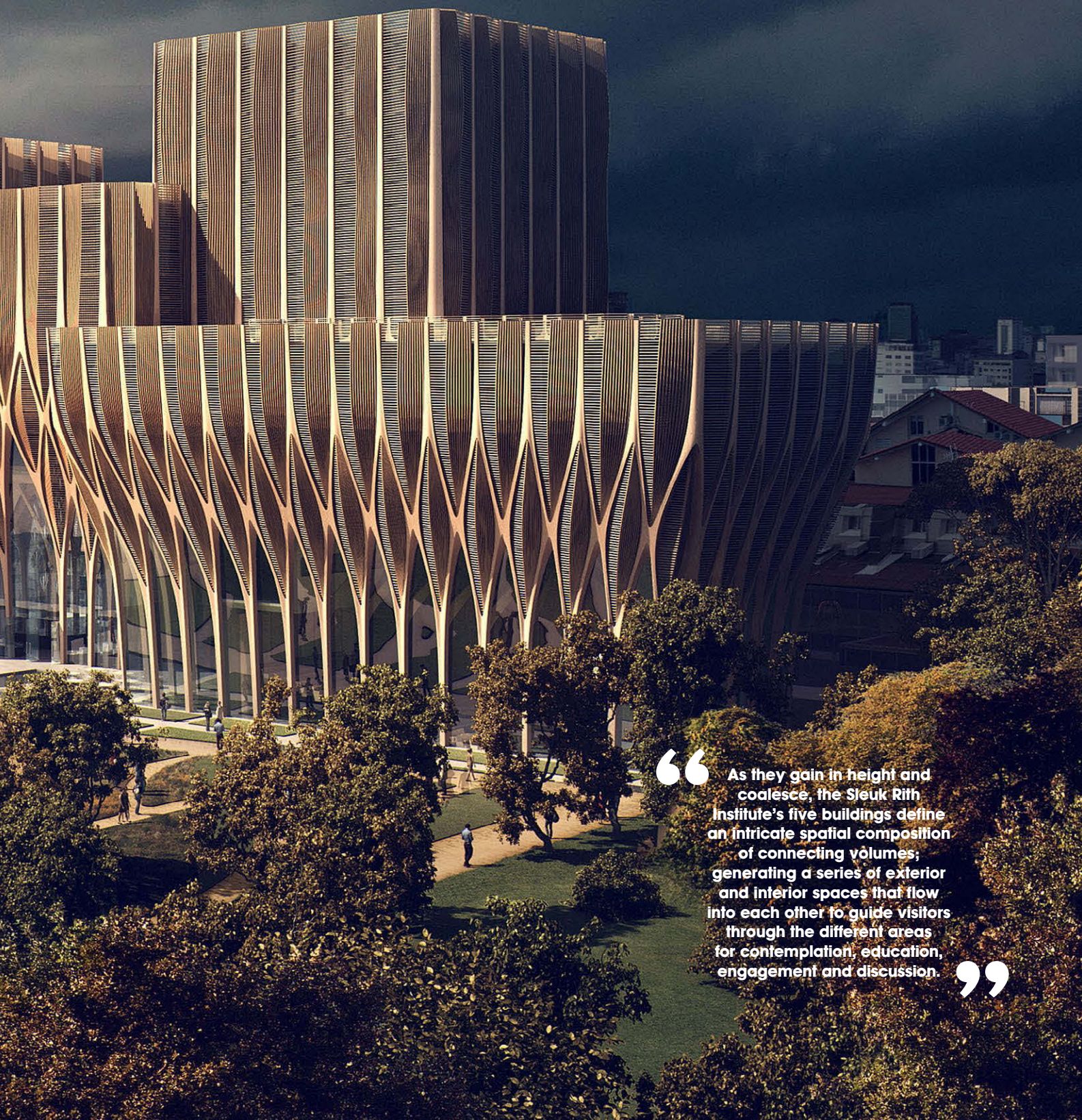
The institute includes a 68,000 square-meter memorial park for the entire community with sport fields, urban vegetable garden and fruit orchards, traditional meadows and a forest that will house contemporary Cambodian sculptures, many of these commemorating the women that helped to rebuild the country.

"Our hope is that the Sleuk Rith Institute and its Memorial Park can have a truly transformative effect, bringing new life and a bright future to a site that holds traces of the great tragedies of the past. An inviting place where reflection, interaction and connectivity are not only its spatial expression, but also embedded within its covenant to the people of Cambodia," says Hadid.

The Sleuk Rith Institute complex has been granted approval and is scheduled to start construction on site this year.

For further information about the Sleuk Rith Institute please visit www.cambodiasri.org





“

As they gain in height and coalesce, the Sleuk Rith Institute's five buildings define an intricate spatial composition of connecting volumes; generating a series of exterior and interior spaces that flow into each other to guide visitors through the different areas for contemplation, education, engagement and discussion.

”

The EROTIC WORLD *of* SALVADOR DALÍ

FORTY YEARS AGO THE MASTER SURREALIST BROUGHT SOME OF HIS UNIQUE FANTASIES TO LIFE IN THE PAGES OF PLAYBOY. REVISIT THE RESULTS, ALONG WITH PREVIOUSLY UNPUBLISHED BEHIND-THE-SCENES PHOTOS

Salvador Dalí. Surrealist genius of limp clocks and moonlit deserts. Having commissioned Dalí to compose these photographic surrealities, we sent staff photographer Pompeo Posar to Dalí's Mediterranean villa in the small Spanish village of Cadaqués. Upon arriving, he was ushered to a poolside throne. Dalí rose, offered his hand and began yelling, "Butterfly! Butterfly!" A bemused Posar returned the greeting and they became a loud duet, pumping clasped hands and shouting cheerfully, "Butterfly! Butterfly!" The shoot itself was both businesslike and bizarre. When Dalí emerged from his house,

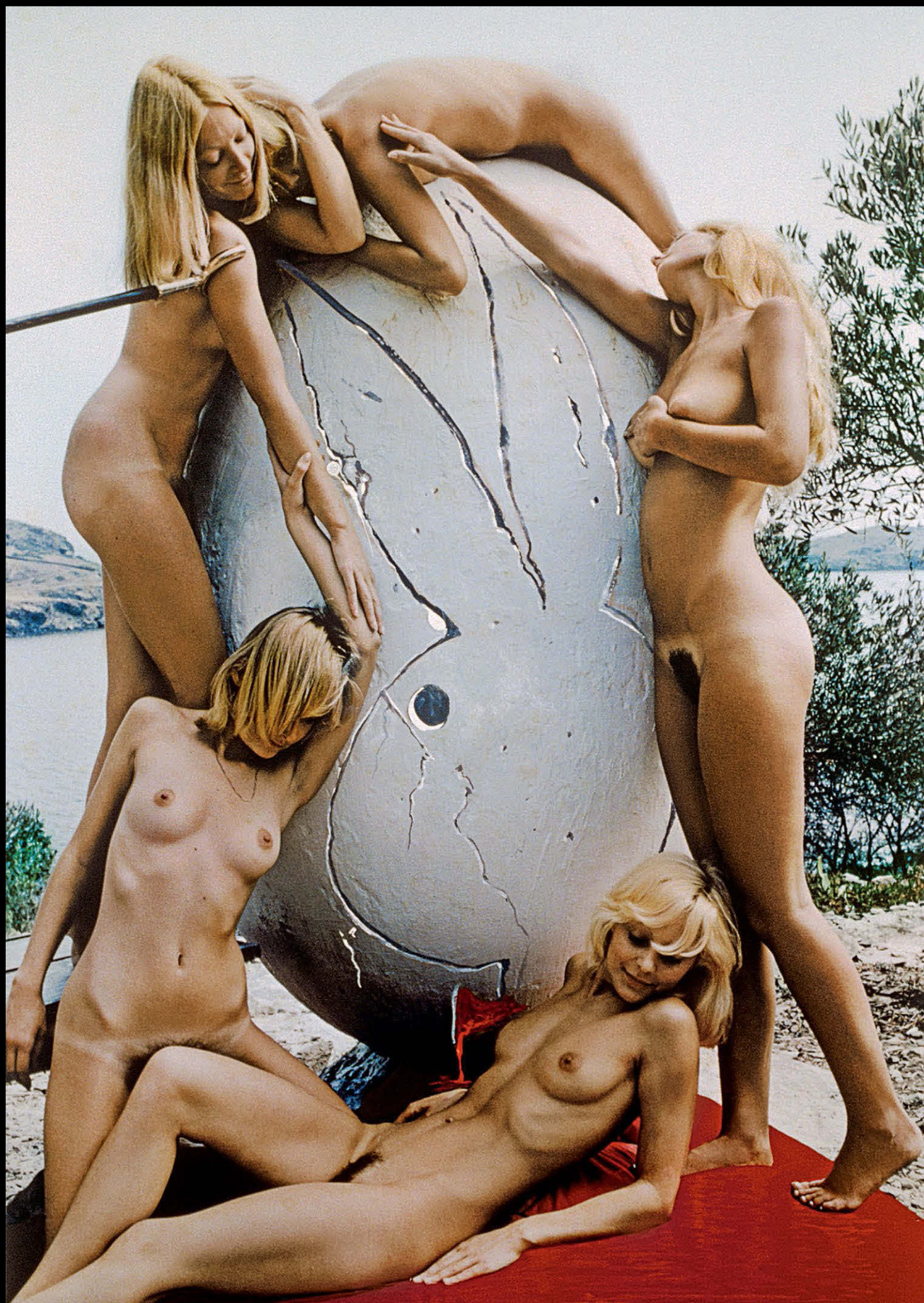
his gaggle of worshippers and protégés bowed, chanting, "Master! Master!" He acknowledged them with an imperial wave and got down to work.

Dalí set up each shot, based on his preliminary sketches, while issuing supervisory commands. The villagers congregated on the surrounding hilltops as word spread through the town. It was quite an event – for Cadaqués and for PLAYBOY. We asked Dalí what these compositions meant. He replied, "The meaning of my work is the motivation that is of the purest – money. What I did for PLAYBOY is very good and your payment is equal to the task." We think we got our money's worth.

ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPHY BY SALVADOR DALÍ AND POMPEO POSAR
ORIGINAL ARTWORK BY SALVADOR DALÍ

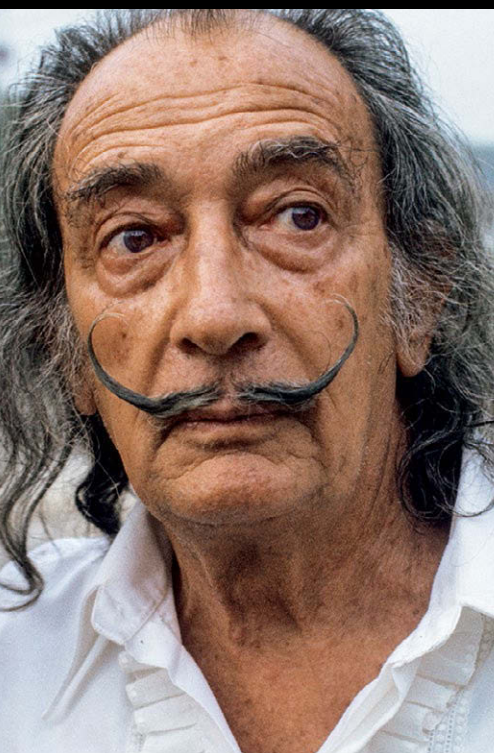


G. A.
1973





OPPOSITE PAGE: While searching his property for props, Dalí chose one of the many eggs that dot the landscape of Dalíland and made a quick modification so it was ideal for a PLAYBOY shoot. **THIS PAGE:** In these never-before-published photos, we see the master at work: directing models, sketching out the next shot and finding the perfect way to tether a beautiful woman to an egg, using a giant serpent.



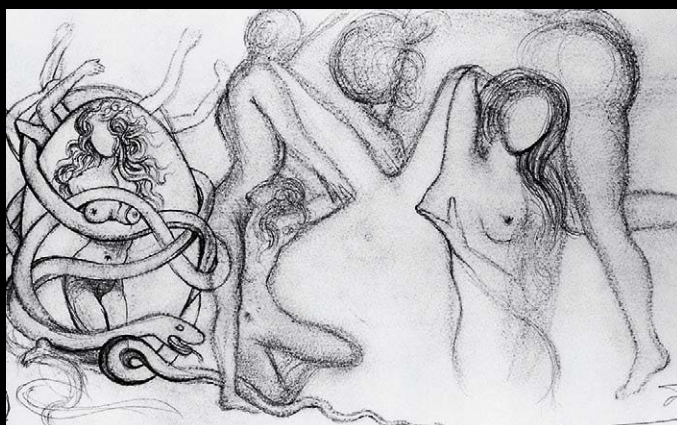


Sprawled seductively around
and on top of a camel's back,
Dali's subjects are carried
toward a statue on his
personally created horizon.





ABOVE: Dalí seems somewhat startled by the odd trio he has created, recalling something he once said: "I know what I eat. I know not what I do." He obviously knew very well; otherwise, he wouldn't have been able to eat – and live – so lavishly. RIGHT: Dalí's rough sketches that were translated into the compositions. FAR RIGHT: Dalí looked around his villa, then eclectically combined bits and bottles with swans and ripe-bodied bathers. OPPOSITE PAGE: One of the many eggs found all over Dalíland looms large on a roof behind floating women, castles, chairs and water.







NICK

K



ERIC SPITZNAGEL
PETER YANG

No one creates
as many bizarre
characters in one
show. Now the real
Kroll explains how
he does it

KROLL





Q1

PLAYBOY: On Comedy Central's *Kroll Show* you've created a vast universe of characters, including Fabrice Fabrice, Bobby Bottleservice and Aspen Bruckheimer. Do they just pop magically into your brain, or is it an arduous process involving math equations and dry-erase boards?

KROLL: It's a combination of things. Usually a voice will pop into my head. Sometimes I'll start playing around with it in the writers' room, doing the voice and seeing if it lands. When I lived in New York I got a lot of inspiration on the subway. It was great for research. It's tough in L.A. because it's a solitary existence. You end up having to do a lot of research on YouTube.

Q2

PLAYBOY: Which of your characters are you most likely to slip into during sex?

KROLL: I developed Bobby Bottleservice by talking to girls – my friends mostly – and pretending to hit on them. Their responses were a combination of “Ugh” and “Oh, that's funny, because that's the kind of douchebag who hits on me all the time.” But there was also a weird part of them that liked it – that liked a guy who's passionate and loves women, even though he's, you know, kind of a juice monster. [laughs] Bobby, in the right context, isn't a bad one to channel. He's young and wild and full of life and passion. You could do worse.

Q3

PLAYBOY: Making people laugh is part of your job. Do you lose your sense of humor when you're not at work?

KROLL: Sometimes I have trouble watching comedy on TV or whatever, because I'm so accustomed to looking at the mathematics of how comedy works. I think if you talk to a lot of comedians, if you ask them what shows they watch, most of them will tell you they can watch only dramas. It's just not relaxing to watch a comedy. It's relaxing to watch a football game or *House of Cards*. You need that release.

Q4

PLAYBOY: What's your release? Is there a certain genre of entertainment that lets you unwind?

KROLL: Honestly, my release is flipping through channels. At the moment I'm binge-watching *The Wire*. [laughs] That's right, I'm on the cultural forefront – from 10 years ago. I also like watching football. I like playoff sports, generally. I like it when there are real stakes. I'm not interested in watching a midseason baseball game, but I'll watch just about any playoff game in just about any sport.

Q5

PLAYBOY: You're on an FX show called *The League*, about a bunch of friends in a fantasy football league. Prior to joining the show, had you ever been involved in a fantasy sport?

KROLL: Not at all. But the entire cast of *The League* is in a fantasy

league together, which is kind of awesome. I'm not having the best season thus far, but historically I'm one of the top guys in our league. I'm a tinkerer, a drunk tinkerer. I'll come home late at night and fuss with the lineup. On the show we call it "tinker stinker time," which is the morning bathroom time on Sunday before a game – you know, your morning dump – your last opportunity to tinker with your lineup and really make it happen. I'm a master of the tinker stinker.

Q6

PLAYBOY: A few years ago Ken Marino, who was guest starring on *The League*, allegedly got arrested after punching you on the set. "I had my reasons," he tweeted. Let's assume for a moment it actually happened and wasn't a big joke. What's your side of the story?

KROLL: Ken Marino is a bully. [Laughs] No, actually, I'm fascinated that people took any of that seriously. What happened was, Ken came into the trailer and was like, "Hey, I just tweeted that I punched you." And I responded by tweeting a Martin Luther King Jr. quote, something like "I have decided to stick with love." And people thought the whole thing was real. I couldn't believe it. It was so bizarre to me. Then people were mad when they found out it was just a joke, because I guess they felt lied to or something. It was the weirdest thing I've ever been involved in.

Q7

PLAYBOY: We should also discuss the Bono incident. After the U2 frontman kissed your girlfriend, Amy Poehler, at the 2014 Golden Globe Awards, you tweeted later, "Hey, Bono, watch your back." Is there still bad blood between you guys?

KROLL: I am conflict averse, but I have my limits. My thing with Bono isn't just about what happened at the Globes. We have a long-standing conflict. It goes way, way into the past. It's just... [sighs deeply] This is still really painful to talk about... I was supposed to be the Edge, but Bono fired me because I don't know how to play guitar. Just like that – boom! – I'm out of U2. I have not forgiven Bono since.

Q8

PLAYBOY: Does it upset you when you and Amy go to Mexico and the tabloids publish your vacation photos, but all they talk about is her bikini and don't once mention your beach body?

KROLL: It's a total bummer. It's a bummer that anyone would want to see a picture of me on vacation. Like, where are we as a society that it's considered news that I went on vacation? Doesn't the world have bigger issues to deal with than looking at photos of me in short-shorts and a weird camo hat?

Q9

PLAYBOY: You once bragged that your career has been "about as easy a ride as you could have." What's your secret?

KROLL: I think it helps that I grew up financially comfortable. A lot of artists throughout history came from the leisure class. They had the time to ponder things, to think about things. They didn't have to spend every waking moment worrying about where rent was coming from or finding a shitty job they didn't want because they needed the money to survive. Many, many artists grew up with nothing and had something deep inside that they wanted to express. But it makes a big difference if you don't have those financial burdens and can decide, without worrying about bills, if you want to tell dick jokes professionally.

Q10

PLAYBOY: Were you a funny kid?

KROLL: I thought I was, but I don't think my family would agree. When I was a kid, if you'd asked them, "Do you think Nick could be a professional comedian or actor?" I'm pretty sure they would have said, "He's a sweet kid, but let's be honest...." When I decided I was going into comedy, I would describe their reaction as skeptically supportive.

Q11

PLAYBOY: Were you telling original jokes or just imitating what you saw on TV?

KROLL: Me and my friend Andrew Goldberg – who now writes for *Family Guy* – were best buddies in elementary school, and we'd recreate "Wayne's World" sketches. I think a lot of comedians start out that way, just reenacting their favorite *Saturday Night Live* bits or their favorite scenes from *Trading Places* or whatever. But to me as a kid, it never felt like it was leading somewhere. I never thought, I'm going to be a comedian when I grow up. I never thought too far into the future. I guess that goes back to growing up comfortably – I had that leisure to relax and not think about what I was going to do with my life or how I was going to do it.

Q12

PLAYBOY: Your first time on a big stage was as a freshman in college, during a stand-up competition. You lost. What happened?

KROLL: I had never done comedy before, but I had this idea that I would get on stage and say, "God, I thought I was going to be so nervous, but I'm actually totally relaxed," and then pee my pants. I'd have a water balloon in my pants and pop it with a pin during my set, and it would look like I'd peed myself. But I forgot to bring the water balloon, so I grabbed a sandwich bag or something and filled it with water. But it didn't work out like I'd hoped. When I tried to jab it, it didn't burst, and I kept trying, which ended up looking like I was furiously masturbating on stage. And then I spent the next five or 10 minutes explaining what I'd tried to do unsuccessfully. It did not go well.

Q13

PLAYBOY: Your father was a private investigator. Was that as cool as it sounds?

KROLL: From a very early age I would say, "My dad is a private investigator, but he doesn't carry a gun and he doesn't wear a trench coat." He was working on a corporate level. I guess some of it was a little dangerous. The Kuwaiti government hired him to find Saddam Hussein's money, and the Filipino government hired him to find Ferdinand and Imelda Marcos's money. During the Hussein thing we had a cop outside our house for a while, and I guess that was cool. It felt more cool than scary.

Q14

PLAYBOY: You never wanted to follow in your dad's footsteps?

KROLL: Not really. Obviously I went into a different field, but I learned a lot from him, especially the way he treats people. Anyone from heads of state to kids I played with in Little League baseball, he was kind to all of them. He treated everybody the same. You can go a long way in this world by just being a decent person.

Q15

PLAYBOY: You went to school on a farm in Vermont. That sounds almost ridiculously idyllic. Were you milking cows more than reading books?

KROLL: Well, if you want to get specific, there were no dairy cows. They were beef cows, so I didn't have a lot of contact with them. You don't befriend animals that are heading to slaughter. Otherwise it was an amazing experience. It's this place called the Mountain School in Vermont, and that's really where I got my first bug for performing. It was a bunch of smart, individualistic kids who were okay being weird. In high school it can be scary to be weird. But going up there and meeting all these eccentric kids, I was like, Oh, it's okay to dress up in an orange jumpsuit and lip-synch James Brown songs while wearing kitchen clogs. It was a watershed for me. I was given permission to be a weirdo.

Q16

PLAYBOY: One of your first big TV roles was on the 2007 ABC sitcom *Cavemen*, based on a Geico commercial. At the time, you were probably just happy to be working. In hindsight, do you wish you could expunge it from your permanent record?

KROLL: I still think back on it fondly. I'd never had a TV show before. Just being able to act for a living was such an amazing opportunity, even though I was hidden under about a foot of silicone makeup. It took four hours every morning to get the makeup on and an hour to get it off. If I got that job today, I'd be like, "Holy shit. Are you kidding me with this?" But because I didn't have anything to reference it against, I was like, Oh, great. I guess this is what being on a TV show is like. You're covered in silicone with hair glued to your body.

Q17

PLAYBOY: Have you ever met a comedy idol who turned out to be a jackass?

KROLL: That almost never happens. Usually it's just about me being starstruck. I had a small thing with Chevy Chase when I was on *Community*. He wasn't a huge fan of anyone besides him getting a laugh. But even then I was like, Oh shit, I'm threatening to Fletch? That's not too bad. Sometimes it doesn't matter if the people you love and respect aren't as cool as you want them to be. Whether Chevy Chase and I are best friends is irrelevant, and it pales in comparison to how he inspired me in *Fletch* or those *Vacation* movies or on *SNL*. I don't need him to like me.

Q18

PLAYBOY: What's your 10-year plan? Are you fine with being a comic until the bitter end, or do you want to make the leap to drama?

KROLL: I'd love to be able to do more dramatic stuff. There's so much good drama happening on TV right now, like *True Detective*, which I think is just amazing. I've got such a

dark, dark side that I haven't been able to show yet. But I don't know; maybe it wouldn't be worth it. Doing a show like *True Detective* might be too much of a bummer. Dealing with dead people every day? That's a tough one.

Q19

PLAYBOY: Do comedians have groupies?

KROLL: Sure. I'm pretty sure that's the whole reason anybody becomes an artist. Whether it's music or comedy or filmmaking, it's all done in the hope that random strangers will want to sleep with you. When I got to the point in my career that women might actually have wanted to sleep with me because of whatever fame they thought I had, I wasn't interested anymore. I was like, Do I actually want to be with somebody who's just into me because I'm on television? But the biggest reason to say no to a groupie is that you've done two shows and are exhausted and want to go back to the hotel and sleep because you're leaving early in the morning.

Q20

PLAYBOY: When you do stand-up, are you annoyed if people in the audience yell out requests?

KROLL: I just let them get it out of their system. I'm like, "Everybody, let's all scream things that we want and think we like. Let it all out. Let the poison out." I let them have that moment, and then they tend to settle down. If that doesn't work, there's a thing I learned from Aziz Ansari, who I think learned it from Louis C.K. Once you finish your set, you come out for an encore and it's all about answering questions or taking requests. Some people really want to hear certain jokes. They want to hear it live like they heard it on an album or a special or a TV show. 🐣



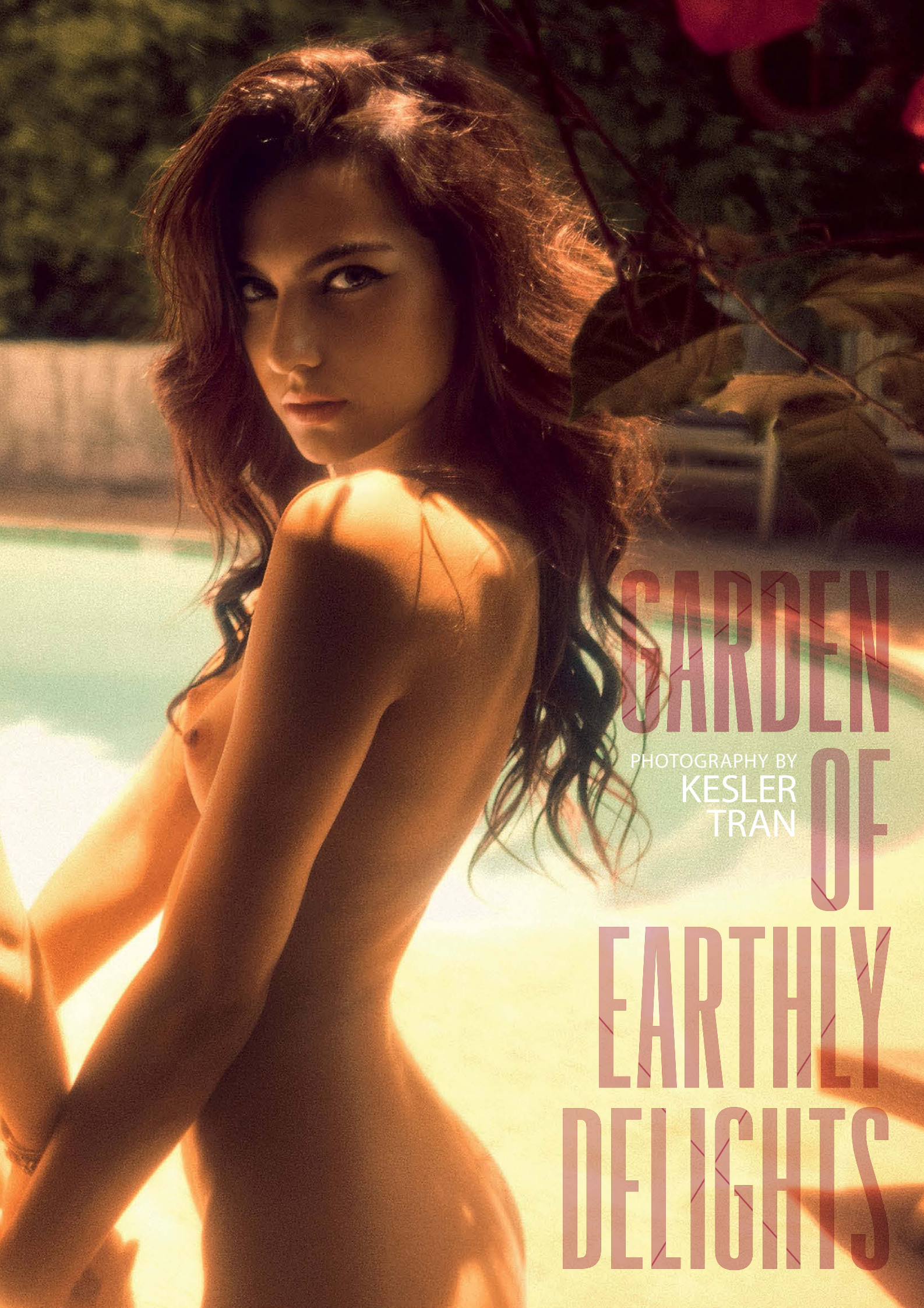


— CURVE COMICS —

"I'm down on my luck, ladies. Can I bum a screw?"



NATURAL BEAUTY
ABOUNDS AS
MODELS
LAUREN ESTRADA
AND POLINA
PUTILOVA
FROLIC AMONG
THE FLORA



GARDEN
OF
EARTHLY
DELIGHTS

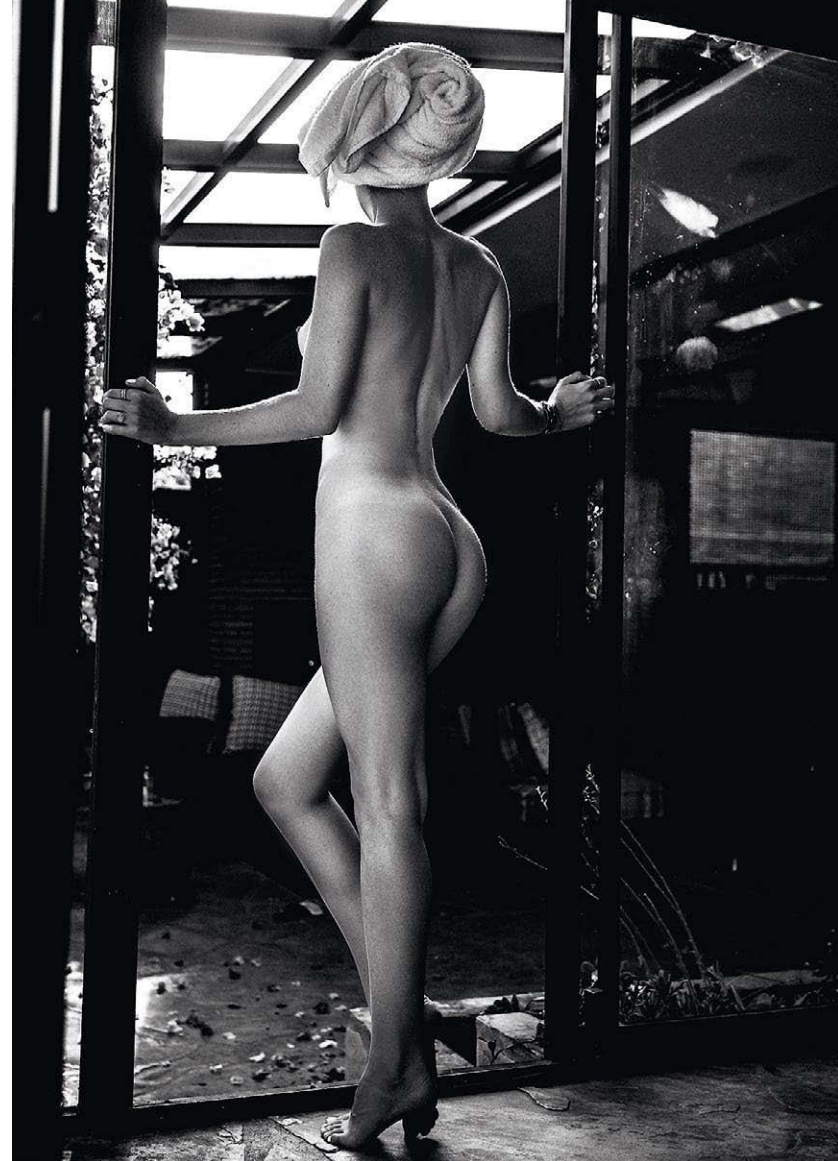
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
KESLER
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REBOOT CAMP

BY WILL BUTLER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAVID PLUNKERT

CAN A NINE WEEK CRASH COURSE CHANGE YOUR LIFE AND TURN YOU INTO THE NEXT SILICON VALLEY SUPERSTAR

At 9:00am on a brisk Monday morning, 20 jittery students stand in a stairwell waiting for their first day of Dev Bootcamp (DBC). They've arrived in San Francisco from around the world, each paying \$12,200 to attend the so-called hacker school, and count college dropouts, academic expats, bright-eyed 20-somethings, mid-career burnouts, bros fresh out of UCLA, former beauty queens and Google employees among them. Their hope, and the DBC promise, is that with nine weeks of training they will land rock star jobs writing code at one of Silicon Valley's thousands of tech firms.

When the doors fly open, music blares from speakers and the group sprints through a gauntlet of senior classmates cheering and high-fiving them along. Next, a strange icebreaker game begins, and an aspiring programmer shimmies his butt against mine, our arms locked from behind. Students take turns inventing pithy self-descriptors, their quirks and interests revealing volumes of diversity and personalities far removed from the introverted-programmer stereotype. Classmates encircle us and, knowing firsthand the 14-hour days to follow, dispense rough gems of advice, such as "Don't kill yourself the first week."

Whether it's for patching security gaps in billion-dollar software or rendering ideas dreamed up from a Stanford frat star's bong, the demand for programmers to power this decade's landslide of tech start-ups is surging. To fill the need, DBC uses a new approach to vocational education, replacing nursing and car-repair training with a curriculum dedicated to churning out programmers as fast as possible.

"When I started my software career," co-founder Shereef Bishay has said, "I used about 10 percent of what I learned in college in my first job." His program crams that 10 percent into just over two months, maintaining that the school doesn't produce world-class coders, just "world-class beginners." Launched in a small office in San Francisco's Chinatown in 2012, the program is shockingly successful. To hear DBC tell it, 88 percent of the first graduating class found employment within weeks, with an average starting salary of \$79,000. By the year's end the school was advertising a 95 percent job-placement rate and salaries averaging \$85,000. Baristas and

burger flippers became coders pulling down mid-career wages, while most American college graduates were paid less than half what these instant programmers commanded.

Predictably, enrollment soared. The school has since expanded to Chicago and New York, and more than 15 copycats employing the same model have appeared in San Francisco in the same period. The concept is a shortcut to the American dream, fast-tracking anyone who is reasonably smart toward a million-dollar bay-view condo and a tech job with an employer that feeds you three meals a day, does your laundry, gets you drunk, sends you on team-building vacations, lets you work from home and provides unlimited paid time off. But it has to be too good to be true, right?

"I think they're all getting jobs," explains Jesse Harrison, a technical recruiter in San Francisco. "As long as you were as immersed as you should have been for those nine weeks, there is no way you wouldn't. Whether it's at a cool company or some shitty start-up is unknown." He stresses that the creativity needed to code isn't limited to middle- and upper-class university graduates and that many employers seek candidates who aren't on that track. So why isn't everyone applying to DBC? "I don't know. Maybe they should be," he says. "Maybe I should be. I've thought about it seriously before."



Cruising past the arches of the Golden Gate Bridge and glimpsing the sparkling towers of the city's not-long-ago-vacant South of Market district, or driving down an LED-illuminated span of the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge and winding through the city, down into the belly of Silicon Valley, it's easy to forget how this technopolis came to be.

During the Great Recession, the Federal Reserve zapped interest rates



from 5.25 percent to effectively zero, incentivizing the movement of cash from bank vaults into investments. With Facebook, Twitter and similar companies leading the charge, investors became hungry to find the next tech juggernaut. Today, entrepreneurs and developers with little more than a hook, a PowerPoint presentation and a clever name receive millions in seed funding daily from venture capitalists eager to secure stakes in as many projects as possible, knowing the vast majority will fail. They're betting one of them could be the next Facebook. Technology moves so fast it's nearly impossible to tell which idea that will be.

Whether or not you call it a bubble, the cash flood is intensifying. In 2009 Silicon Valley saw a total of 459 investment deals, totaling \$4.4 billion. Two years later, before their IPOs, Zynga alone raised \$867 million and Facebook \$1.5 billion. In 2012 Facebook acquired Instagram for \$1 billion, and in November 2013 Twitter's IPO share price of \$26 valued the low-revenue company at \$14.2 billion. Within four short years the investment landscape had more than tripled: In 2013, \$12.2 billion in investor cash poured into 1,247 deals. All told, in the past five years \$31.5 billion in capital has flowed into Silicon Valley start-ups and companies that more often than not generate zero revenue, figuring their "pivot" into profitability will come later.

It's an environment in which Facebook's February 2014 acquisition of WhatsApp, until then a texting application little known in America, valued the company at \$19 billion. The four-year-old service had half a billion users worldwide and some 50 employees – placing the valuation at \$380 million per – and a sparse \$20 million in annual revenue at the time of acquisition. The deal reportedly gave CEO Jan Koum, a college dropout, a net worth of \$6 billion. In June an iPhone app called Yo, with the sole function of delivering the word Yo as a notification, raised more than \$1 million in seed funding. Its creator said it took eight hours to make.

These companies and the capital they generate are the reason schools like DBC exist. The investment deluge has turned programmers into such precious assets that, according to *Forbes*, seven of the top 10 jobs in which recent college graduates are happiest involve programming. That has forced tech giants to raise the bar for Silicon Valley workplaces: Snack rooms, catered meals, haircuts, massages, acupuncture, nonstop liquor, free gyms, Uber credits, yoga classes, napping stations and subsidized housekeeping are de rigueur. Between 60 and 80 percent of Bay Area start-ups offer unlimited vacation time. One of them, Evernote, awards \$1,000 to employees who actually use the time off. In the *East Bay Express*, reporter Ellen Cushing detailed a Google party with in-lawn pig roasts, an on-site wave machine for surfing and a larger San Francisco culture of financially clueless 20-somethings living hand-to-mouth on \$8,000 a month. "If you don't have other friends," one source told her, "you're surrounded by people telling you this is normal." Who wouldn't pay \$12,200 to join them?



The first butt I rubbed that morning belonged to Roy, a slim, 24-year-old Korean American with dark shoulder-length hair that often drapes over his friendly face. He was the product of a tumultuous childhood and a single mother who always dreamed Roy would go to college. "I just couldn't do that," he tells me. "We were angry – not at each other, just angry." After high school he briefly attended Northwest Missouri State and moved in with his girlfriend. When they broke up, he sold washing machines by day and trained to become an EMT at night while working the graveyard shift at Walmart. He barely slept, and when he couldn't find a job as an EMT, he moved back in with his mom, taking a 4:00am shift at Starbucks. That's when his new girlfriend sent him an article about Dev Bootcamp.

Recounting his path to DBC, he reflects on how he thought he'd reached the end of the line before he arrived. He pauses before returning to his coding group. "I have no idea what I'd do if it weren't for this place," he says.

Roy isn't the only student who tried – and fled – traditional college. Ricardo, a 26-year-old first-generation Salvadoran American, dropped out of a few. After high school he dreamed of becoming a doctor.

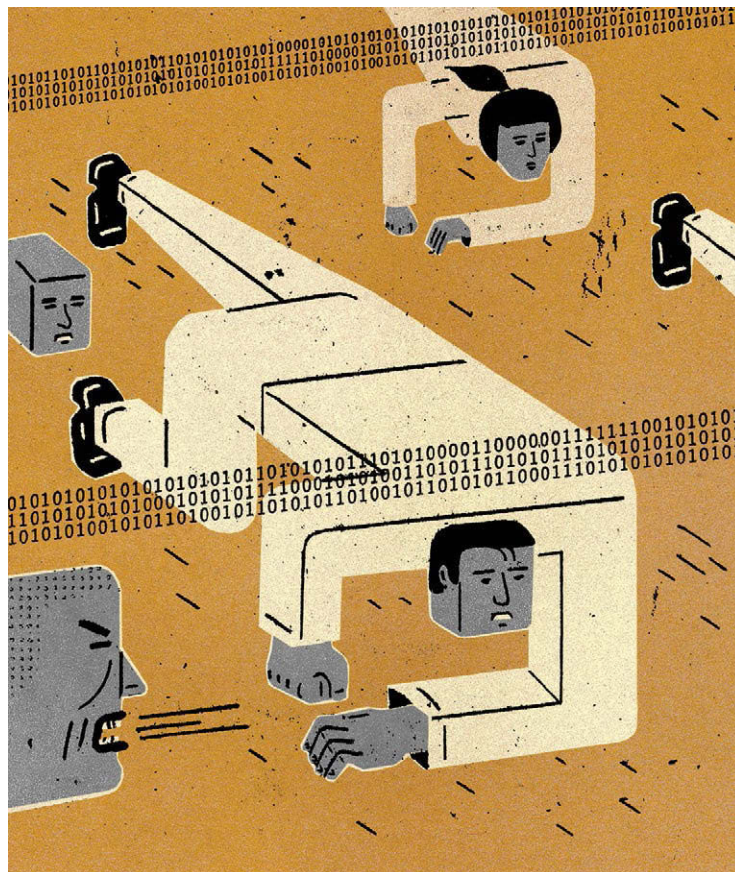
He spent time as a hospital volunteer, spooning ice to patients with morphine dry mouth, until he met an actual physician. "He told me he went through with medical school only because he couldn't turn back," Ricardo remembers. "He said, 'Once you get so far in, you have all these loans and expectations. You can't get out.'" Ricardo dropped out of his biology program at Miami Dade College and moved to Utah, quietly trying and leaving colleges.

Determined to find success outside academia, he steadily grew \$7,000 into \$70,000 by trading Apple stock options during the company's post-iPhone run-up. By the time he was 24, he was sitting on \$85,000. When the stock crested in the mid-\$300s, he quit his IT job to become a full-time trader. Then, during the market's 2012 fall, he became his own worst enemy. "I got greedy," he says. "Instead of capping my losses, I blew it all." Afterward he spent a year saving up for DBC while working at a communications technology company.

"In America it's bludgeoned into people that college is the only way to get what you want," he says. "I just don't believe that." He's far removed from the dropout stereotype: well groomed, well fed, funny and polite. His appearance is a testament to his ideals. "I believe if you're motivated and have a work ethic, you can get where you want to go," he says. "College is not the only path."

Not that all DBC students are without degrees. Anne has two. A middle child from Nebraska whose father was a professor, she was the consummate straight-A student. Her bachelor's degree in Arabic from Middlebury College and master's in Near Eastern languages from Indiana University secured her acceptance to Columbia Law School last year, but she decided to defer at the last minute, yearning for something less predictable. She had never seen a programming language but sensed she could harness technology to tackle problems she cared about: conjugating verbs, analyzing musicality, transliterating phonetics.

Emmanuel, a reserved Jewish kid with a wide smile and an endearing



gap between his front teeth, holds an unused bachelor's degree of his own. He grew up and went to college in North Carolina, enrolling in massage school afterward, but didn't see much fulfillment, or money, from either pursuit. DBC, he hopes, will put him on the path to a career. His girlfriend has stayed back home, finishing her master's. Their future there remains uncertain.

José, for his part, can be found outside the kitchen, talking shit about the *horchata* served at lunch. With thick shoulders and a tuft of gray in his beard, he has put his life, family and punk band on hold in Villena, the Spanish city he's called home for nearly 39 years. He owned a T-shirt printing business with his wife when Spain's economy crashed in 2012, and after a worse 2013 he looked to America. "I decided to take my savings and put the money in my head," he says, tapping his receding hairline.

The school's formal instruction consists of two 45-minute lessons each day in DBC's small, open-plan room. The remainder of student time is spent coding "challenges" in pairs, with one student operating the keyboard while the other navigates. Teachers mill about, coaching students if they get stuck, but all the tools and answers can be found on coding websites such as Stack Overflow, CSS-Tricks and GitHub, the king of coding sites. Armed with a GitHub account and a bit of determination, anyone could reasonably teach themselves to code. The trick is structuring your time. DBC students don't sit in the same place for more than a few hours. They joke, commiserate, make food, have a beer, nap on the couch or sometimes just go home for the day, frustrated.



Whether it's for patching security gaps in billion-dollar software or rendering ideas dreamed up from a Stanford frat star's bong, the demand for programmers to power this decade's landslide of tech start-ups is surging.

"Rusty Blade?" asks my new friend at GitHub. We're crowded into one of the start-up's in-office speakeasies late on a weeknight. The \$66 gin is an earth-colored juniper distillate, aged in oak and dispensed in rare batches. The label looks 19th century, like something a miner would tug from deep in Sierra mountain runoff. In reality it is the vanity project of a Silicon Valley venture capitalist who recently began distilling liquor in a business park

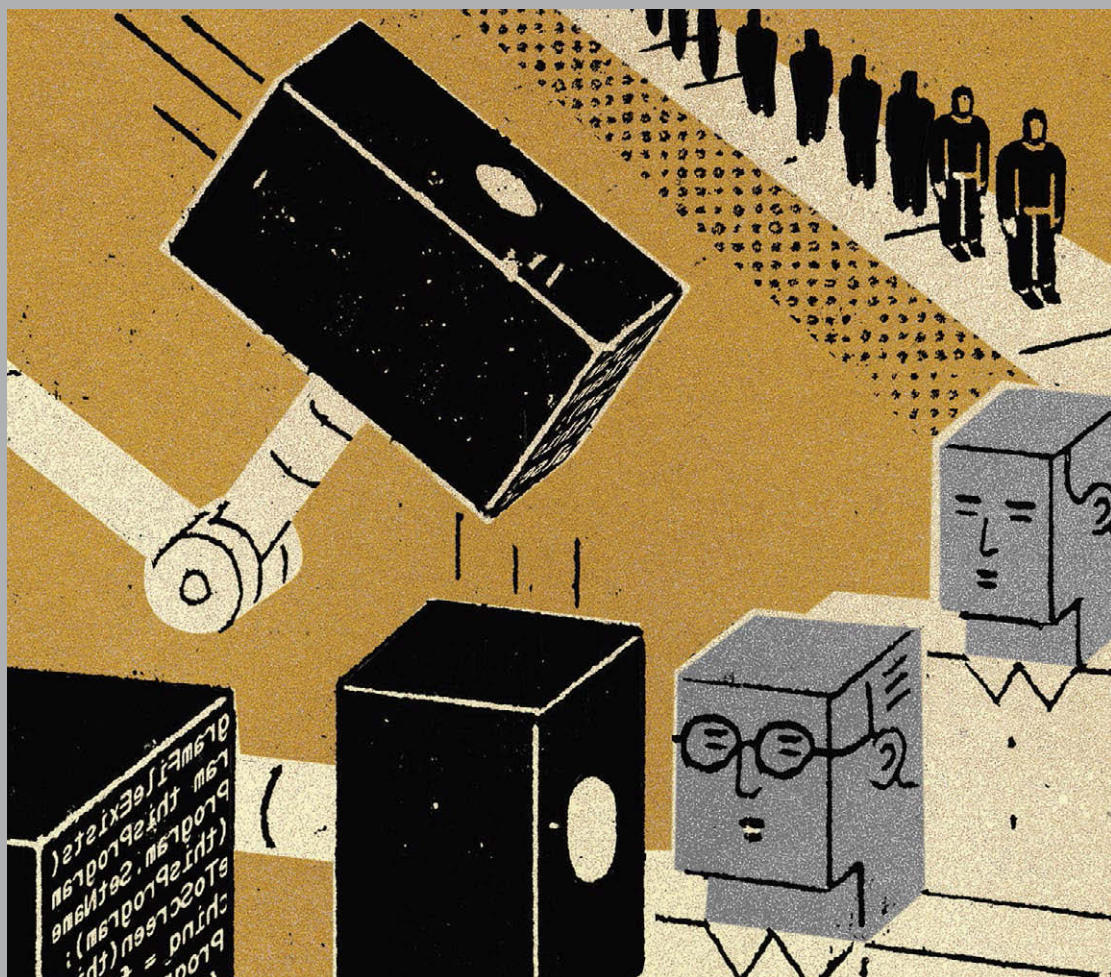
behind the 101 freeway. Top-shelf spirits such as Blade are integral to GitHub parties – Corona doesn't cut it when every workday means drinking for free.

GitHub is one of the world's largest

repositories of source code, the building blocks of software. To a programmer, it is what the Bible is to a priest: a canon of code, where the industry's blueprints are stored. Headquarters (the third office in the six-year-old company's history) lies blocks away from the Bay Bridge in San Francisco's regentrified South Beach neighborhood. Most of its employees work off-site, but the building is constantly abuzz, anchored by its ground-floor bar, kitchen and networking space, where guests can work, eat and drink on the deep-pocketed company's dime. This office opened in September 2013, about a year after legendary venture capital firm Andreessen Horowitz led a sweeping \$100 million funding round. The firm placed a \$750 million valuation on GitHub partly because it has consistently generated substantial revenue from subscriptions and merchandise sales, making it a rarity in the industry.

Conference rooms are equipped with futuristic microphones that swivel toward speakers, and herds of robots roam the office like iPads on Roombas, allowing meetings with remote employees. There is a DJ booth and isolated nooks called "coder caves" where employees can escape. The speakeasies are perfect for eliminating stress with a book or a few fingers of Blade. You can't help feeling special when they open for you, like scotch hidden in a desk drawer, and that is part of their purpose. To wit: "Check this out," says an employee from a room that houses a suspicious number of books. A bookcase slides away for him to reveal, like Bruce Wayne, another speakeasy, hidden from view.

DBC attempts to stand apart from such start-up glitz. The school's



ethos emphasizes the life-changing nature of learning to code and the revolutionary educational experience it offers. In fact, when DBC's marketing lead, Brandon Croke, joined me at one of GitHub's mixers, he peered around skeptically, unsure whether to align himself with such luxuriance. He had been at DBC only a couple of months and took his job seriously, quietly expressing distaste of GitHub's opulence to Miya, an alumna he had brought along. But by the end of the night, after a few drinks, we were having a good time watching a local rock band play to a comatose crowd. I glanced over to see him sporting a sailor's cap from a company costume basket.

GitHub's party ended in March when Julie Ann Horvath, an esteemed programmer lauded as a leader of women in tech, took to Twitter: "I've been harassed by 'leadership' at GitHub for two years," she wrote. "And I am the first developer to quit." She called out GitHub co-founder Tom Preston-Werner for allowing his wife to prowl the workplace, monitoring employees and executing mind-game power plays according to her whim. Horvath accused a co-worker and ex-friend of sabotaging her work after she rejected his romantic advances. She called some of her former co-workers "predators" and the environment "toxic." One told her he'd "hoped I wouldn't be hired" so they could date. And she said it all without using the word *sexism*. "I have never wanted to quit tech more than after having start-up PTSD like this," she wrote.

Apologies trickled out of GitHub's public relations department, and though an internal investigation cleared Preston-Werner and his wife of any legal wrongdoing, he resigned. The backlash against Horvath was harsh. Memes surfaced online with "cunt" typed across her forehead, and she received all manner of threats, on par with other women who have spoken out about the industry's culture of sexism. "At start-ups, there's this tribe mentality," Horvath said on the tech podcast *ShopTalk*, "and if someone disagrees or says something is wrong, the company's best interest is to protect the tribe, which creates dangerous situations." This is referred to as being a "culture fit" among tech evangelists. "If you are a 20-something white male who listens to techno," she said, "I think GitHub may be your utopia."

It was the start of a year that saw many rookie Silicon Valley chief executives stumble. Mozilla CEO Brendan Eich resigned in April after a public outcry over his support of Proposition 8, California's 2008 measure to ban gay marriage. Gurbaksh Chahal, founder of ad-tech company RadiumOne, faced 45 felony counts of domestic violence after a security video surfaced of him hitting and kicking his girlfriend 117 times. In leaked emails from his tenure in Stanford's Kappa Sigma fraternity, Snapchat CEO Evan Spiegel celebrates "sororisluts" and shooting "fat girls" with laser-tag guns and tells his brothers to put their "large Kappa Sigma dick[s] down her throat." Today, the 24-year-old Spiegel is reportedly worth \$210 million. Stanford clarified that the campus that has produced more Silicon Valley talent than any other in the world felt "ashamed."

Not even the animated halls of DBC are immune to the industry's

brutish whims. "Every woman in my class had the same experience of feeling talked down to, talked over or ignored by men at DBC," says Anne. "People's unconscious biases come out. So if it can happen in a space where I feel safe and comfortable with everyone, what will happen at a job with people I don't know, in a place where I'm the junior employee?"



Dev Bootcamp often reminds students that start-ups fail because of people, not technology, and considers it its mission to produce competent coders and competent co-workers alike, skirting usual tech praxes. Its controversial solution is Engineering Empathy, a part of the curriculum designed to break students down to their emotional core and build more empathetic and compassionate employees in their place. On the new class's third day, the first 60-minute Empathy session begins with a lecture and climaxes with the instructor, co-founder Shereef's brother Karim Bishay, telling us to yell at one another. In pairs, students take turns standing and sitting on the ground. "Embody your inner critic," he urges. "Yell all the things you tell yourself on a regular basis."

A young nervous dude stands over me, digging deep into what his heart of hearts hides from him. "You're not good enough," he cries. "You never speak your mind! You're a complete pussy. Everyone here is better than you, and everyone knows it except you." He sits back down in a rush.

Later I am instructed to stereotype a nice young woman by guessing her favorite music and movie and her pet peeve. How? She is white and wearing a sweater. It sounds innocent enough until I open my mouth.

"Let's say you like choral music and *The Diving Bell and the Butterfly*, and your pet peeve is... when people make fun of the homeless?" I get one of three. Others broach more uncomfortable territory. Women and African Americans are assumed to love pop music and hip-hop, respectively. Men's pet peeves are assumed to be achievement-related and women's to be emotional. The air is sucked out of the room. Students dab eyes and rub noses with the backs of their hands. Hurt feelings hang in place.

The exercises are based on Freudian theories of the self and seem to be mashups of philosophy, self-help and partially researched statistics about the pitfalls of tech's status quo. The hour-long sessions interrupt student work throughout the first six weeks. "There's a bit of a whiplash effect," Roy tells me. "It's deep sharing, then suddenly back to coding." Once, José tried to extricate himself. "DBC has a two-feet rule: If you don't think you're learning anything, you can use your two feet and get



away," he says. He invoked it for EE but was told it didn't apply. "I said, 'What is this, *Animal Farm*, where you change rules as you go?'"

Emmanuel sees these EE sessions as part of a greater conspiracy. "They're creating a pressure cooker," he tells me. "They give you coding challenges they know you can't finish, then send you to Engineering Empathy." The disruption is meant to simulate the experience of a real tech workplace, and he has surrendered to it, despite fatigue. "The best learning," he says, coining a slogan that would make DBC's founders proud, "happens between a state of comfort and panic."

By the end of March, graduation was quickly approaching, bringing new panic to DBC. The school was preparing to move to a bigger location just as students were entering the job market, and rumors flew that the company was about to be acquired. A spreadsheet circulated internally encouraging new grads to share job stats. It boasted an average salary of \$77,333, three quarters of which included equity in the start-ups that hired them. It would appear DBC is changing students' lives, but that spreadsheet accounted for only 12 of hundreds of graduates across two years. It remained to be seen whether the school's promises would pan out.

Everyone adopted a different strategy in the job market. Ricardo was one of the best students in the program, but several weeks past graduation, he hadn't applied for a single job. He opted to network instead, figuring he'd meet his boss at the events he attended nightly, with no cold calls necessary. Emmanuel was happy to face rejection, though more often he simply heard nothing. Anne was optimistic about her prospects but concerned that being a woman meant she could do only a "woman thing." She considered applying at a start-up called BabyList, dedicated to disrupting the baby-shower industry, but didn't know if she should jump at such a gendered job opening, especially with stories such as Horvath's coming to light.

Ricardo, however, makes it obvious DBC is far from a hoax one dazzling July afternoon as he eats lunch on the seventh-floor deck of the Steuart Tower, overlooking the produce, souvenir and pork-belly vendors of One Market Plaza. He is glowing, and for good reason: He has just been hired at Autodesk, a 32-year-old company that produces design technology for architects, engineers and filmmakers. Used by James Cameron on *Avatar* and by nearly every architect in America, its software is licensed to firms for hundreds of thousands of dollars. An impressive gallery of client work lies downstairs, alongside a \$250,000 3-D printer that designs and shapes metal. Unlike many of his peers, Ricardo is a coder who *actually* builds things.

"I'm really happy with how things turned out," he says. He is raking in six figures, working on a small team alongside another DBC grad named Zohar, coding features for top-secret software. He applied for a web-developer opening, but after five interviews, including a drunken night at Li Po Cocktail Lounge, he was told they wanted to hire him as a senior software engineer. Was he even qualified for that title?

"No. But I think it was luck. And timing."

Is he qualified now, though?

"Yup."

He is confident.

Graduation marked a year since Anne had deferred attending Columbia Law, meaning she had to decide whether to keep coding or go back the way she came. The latter would render her a statistic: Fifty-six percent of women in tech leave for another industry. On blind faith she rejected Columbia. Then, a month after graduation, she received two job offers: one from Palo Alto smart-watch maker Pebble and another from San Francisco lingerie start-up True & Co. She told the bra company she was more interested in working there, and it matched Pebble's generous salary offer. She is making close to six figures as the only female engineer on True & Co's team of five.

"I still can't believe it," she says as we pick over tacos at a Mission District Mexican restaurant. She is still living with roommates from DBC, none of whom have seen any success. "I feel bad talking about it around them," she says. "I don't want to come home from work, see them sitting on the couch and be like, 'How's the job search going?'"

Other success stories spread like gossip. Two students were hired by Wealthfront, a massive financial-analytics firm, and another landed his dream job at MyCoin, a Bitcoin trading service headquartered in Hong Kong. Many others, however, are still searching. With each passing day, the prospect of not getting a job becomes more real, and old lives come knocking at the door.

Roy went back to his mother's Orange County home and has been waking up at noon every day. He has few friends there and wants to return to San Francisco.

José is jobless in Spain, returning \$20,000 poorer to rejoin his wife without the job he came here for, disgruntled with the experience. "They've been talking about making a difference, how coding can change the world, then they give me a job lead for a gambling site?" he says. "I'm not that idealistic. I need money, but it's not what they're selling."

He plans to move to Berlin, the buzzy new tech hub of Europe. With successful start-ups such as SoundCloud and Zoobe headquartered there, Berlin is different from San Francisco: Real estate is plentiful, rent is reasonable and the economy has room to grow. Companies there can afford to take an influx of high-ambition, low-direction programmers and let them experiment. Still, there are no guarantees. "I think some of them believe their own lies, and some of them don't," José says, trying to make sense of the disconnect between DBC's marketing and the realities of the tech industry. "Shereef, the co-founder, believes in what he's doing, but he's not the one trying to get us jobs." He sighs, resigned to his saner life in Europe. "In the end, we are meat for the grinder, as they say in Spain."

In June, Kaplan announced it was buying Dev Bootcamp. The giant test-prep corporation had opened code schools in Boston and New York earlier this year, but they have yet to achieve DBC's success. So Kaplan just bought the place. By then the school had moved into its sleek new South of Market building, complete with yoga room and nap area. Alumni who can't land work tend to hang around after graduation, some returning daily to conduct job searches, network, hang out and tutor new students in basic coding. The pay is low and it barely advances their skills, but for those without leads it's the best option.

Emmanuel, commuting two days a week and working from home, says he makes decent money working for DBC but has yet to land his dream job. His girlfriend earned her master's degree and was offered an ideal position in Sacramento, so he opted to move closer to her, placing an additional hour between himself and the industry's nexus in San Francisco, further hurting his odds of being hired.

What nobody told him, Anne, Ricardo, Roy or José when they arrived at DBC was that their success would have little to do with the coding languages they would practice. Programming is closer to reading an instruction manual than any hacker school marketing copy will tell you. DBC doesn't give its students anything they couldn't get for themselves, but it does provide a nine-week sense of exigency.

Those who prove worthy of the challenge are rewarded. Those who don't will fail. The future of Silicon Valley remains unclear: Investor tastes could shift, capital may dry up and thousands could lose their jobs as the industry matures. Tech's new-money ostentation, sexism and other symptoms of privilege without perspective could bring about its downfall. But for now, DBC and its students are merely exploiting America's oldest myth: In our country, with enough motivation, focus and emotional intelligence, anyone can change his or her life. Reinvention is in our DNA. The difference is that here, moving at the speed of technology, it happens a hell of a lot faster.

The challenge is to keep up. As Emmanuel puts it the last time we meet, "I feel like I'm running down a hallway blindfolded." 🐘

All told, in the past five years \$31.5 billion in capital has flowed into Silicon Valley start-ups and companies that more often than not generate zero revenue, figuring their "pivot" into profitability will come later.

Meet Ghetto
Gastro, a
three-man
culinary
team from
the Bronx
who just
might be
the coolest
new crew in
food

Straight OUTTA Comptoir

BY HUGH GARVEY
PHOTOGRAPHY BY RYLAN PERRY



FROM LEFT:
Malcolm Livingston II,
Lester Walker
and Jon Gray, a.k.a. Ghetto
Gastro

"Typically whenever we have leftover meat or produce from an event, we don't waste it," says Gray. "We Robin Hood it, invite friends over and cook it up."

Ghetto Gastro is ready to cook. It's an early autumn morning in New York City, and a batch of orgeat almond syrup simmers on the stove top as the sweet smell of chai perfumes the air. The aroma of freshly smoked cannabis wafts in from the patio, adding a funky bass note. Together it all smells positively culinary.

We're in the Hash House, the nickname of the Long Island City apartment that serves as makeshift headquarters for a group of guys who are adding a solid dose of hip-hop to haute cuisine. The three-man crew sits on a leather couch, the sole piece of furniture in an otherwise spartan apartment filled with chafing dishes, hotel pans and other catering gear. There's Jon Gray, self-described chief dishwasher, former Fashion Institute of Technology student and erstwhile apparel entrepreneur. There's Lester Walker, thickly muscled and generously tattooed. He calls himself "the cooker," which is an understatement for a guy who has worked as sous-chef at Michelin-starred restaurants Eleven Madison Park and Jean-Georges. Rounding out GG, as they call themselves, is Malcolm Livingston II, baby-faced, soft-spoken, the pastry chef at modernist cuisine temple WD-50 and winner of multiple honors in the industry. Today is Ghetto Gastro's day off. Five pounds of vacuum-packed flat iron steak is in the fridge, waiting to be cooked, and tonight they're throwing a party.

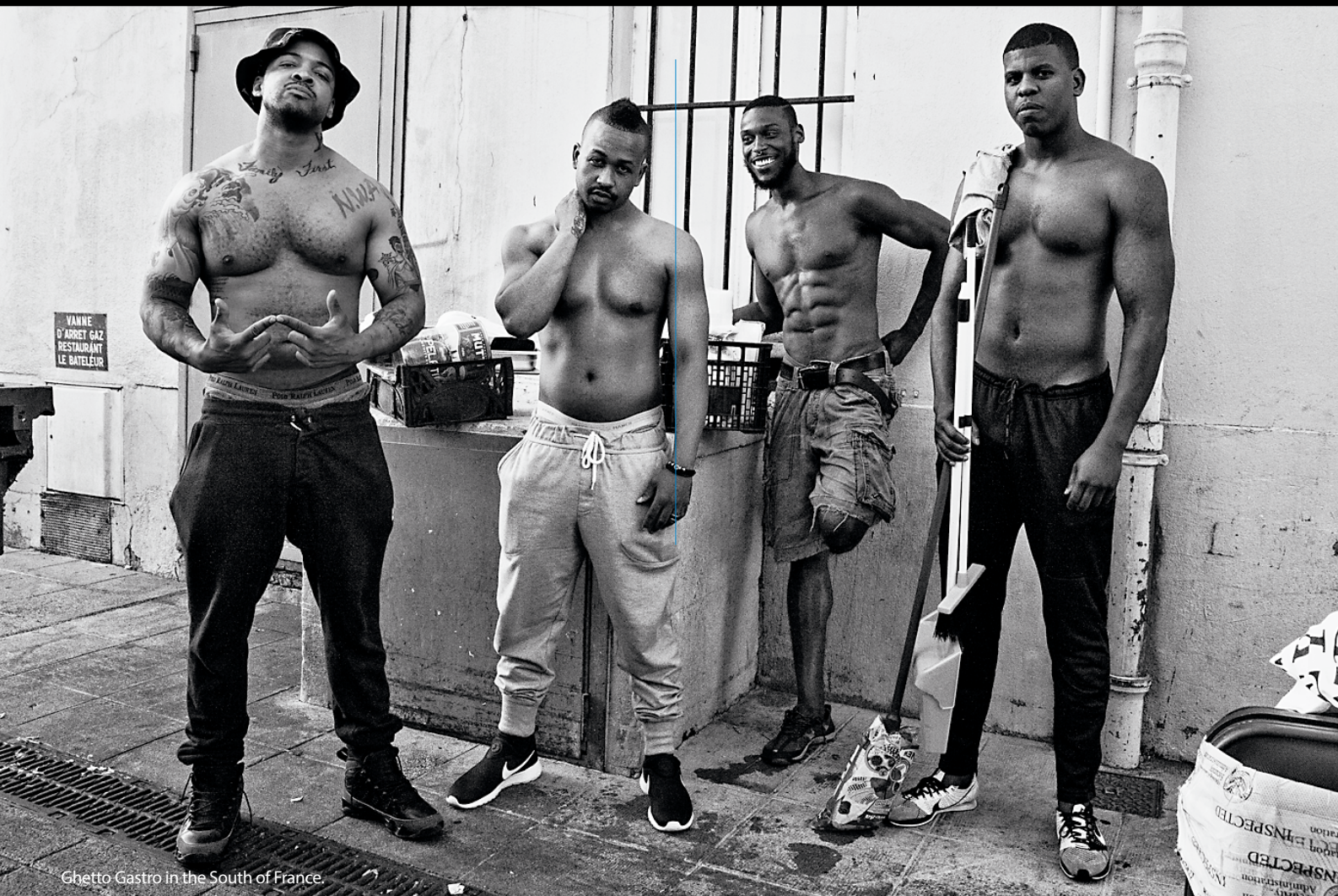
"Typically whenever we have leftover meat or produce from an event, we don't waste it," says Gray. "We Robin Hood it, invite friends over and cook it up." Gray texts friends and gets the word out on Instagram. Walker lays out the rough plan: "We're going to go to the Union Square farmers market for produce, hit Pino's in the Village for some meat, then the Lobster Place for some ill crab. But mostly we're just going to go with the flow."

In the inadequate language of marketing, you could describe Ghetto Gastro as a creative consultancy that produces culinary pop-up events for brands. In person GG looks more like a rap crew – which it's sometimes mistaken for – than a group of guys schooled in the finer points of modern cuisine and brand development. The men are dressed in black, wearing matching T-shirts printed with their logo in the same

reverse-type block letters as the parental-advisory stamp.

In its year and a half of existence, Ghetto Gastro has been busy. The crew has designed and executed parties for a Timberland boot release, catered a promotional dinner for an e-cigarette brand at South by Southwest and flown to Cannes to create "the South Bronx in the South





Ghetto Gastro in the South of France.

of France,” a Microsoft-sponsored dinner. In a villa in the hills above the Riviera, they draped sneakers over wires, repurposed 40-ounce malt-liquor bottles as water carafes and served a multicourse menu that featured *loup de mer* cured in that bodega staple, Lipton iced tea. “We create full experiences for you to immerse yourself in, sort of like theater,” is how Gray describes their mission. “When you come into our world, we want you to eat this food and remember this shit for the rest of your life.”

A strategic cluster of Post-its listing objectives and steps covers a wall of the Hash House and outlines the master plan: an animated web series called *The Food Gangs of New York*; a new headquarters and culinary-education center in the Bronx; an ice cream line called 36 Brix, inspired by the technical term for the sugar level in ice cream and the Wu-Tang Clan album *36 Chambers*. It’s an ambitious set of objectives for the next year, but more than a few people think if anyone can hit these marks it’s these guys.

It would be easy to say Ghetto Gastro stands out because it’s a rare thing in the most privileged and foodiest elevations of the food world – an all-black operation that doesn’t hide the ghetto in its cooking. But the chefs also have the skills, the charm and that elusive and ineffable cool factor that diners and brands salivate for as much as they do GG’s Kaffir lime churros. Or as one new fan tweeted after meeting them,

“These guys are real, and if you don’t see that when you talk with them, then you don’t deserve to hang with them.”

“Still not sure exactly what they do, but they’re cool as fuck.”

When Joe McCann, former chief technology officer of the influential global advertising agency Mother, heard about Ghetto Gastro he instantly saw the possibilities it could bring to the South of France Microsoft event. “They taught the attendees how to play Cee-lo, a dice game popular in the hoods of New York,” McCann says. “Jon also introduced the party to an original uptown drink, the nutcracker, that had the crowd properly tipsy by the end of the night. All this took place in a mansion so grandiose that Scarface would be jealous.”

McCann says Ghetto Gastro is “providing popular culture with something it has been deprived of for so long – originality.” Matthew Orlando, the chef-owner of Amass in

Copenhagen (latest stop on the global culinary world tour), worked with Livingston at Thomas Keller’s Per Se. He acknowledges GG’s raw talent and sheer originality. No stranger to the fickle trends of food, he says, “To me being different is the way forward.” And he points out a crucial part of the crew’s backstory: “Besides being supercool guys, they know where they come from, and they celebrate that.”

Where they come from and what they celebrate is the Bronx. That’s where Gray was kicked out of Catholic and then public school before getting a GED. He was busted for drug possession, then enrolled in classes at FIT and worked internships as part of a deal to have the



Chef Lester Walker shops the Union Square farmers market.



Sous vide chicken wings, jelly beignets and churros.

charges dropped. The plan worked, and two years later he was a partner in two fashion lines selling at high-end department stores and streetwear shops. But his enthusiasm for fashion quickly cooled. "I wouldn't buy a Lanvin sweater and think I really needed it," Gray says. "But I would go to Eleven Madison Park and cash out without even thinking about it. I asked myself, How can I travel and eat and make that my life's work? That's how Ghetto Gastro was born." He hooked up with Lester Walker, an old friend from the Bronx who was the first person in his family to go to college, as a culinary student at Johnson & Wales University. Malcolm Livingston II played in the same basketball league as Gray.

The food they grew up eating in the Bronx informs their cooking, which can incorporate Caribbean spices, French techniques and Olde English malt liquor in a single menu. "We celebrate the cultures we grew up with: Ghanaian, Trinidadian, Chinese, Vietnamese, Jamaican, Puerto Rican," says Gray. "We try to fuck heads up and take food that's not approachable and make it more democratic." When they served KFC-inspired snack boxes at an event, guests found delicate biscuits and foie gras *torchon* inside. Walker adds, "It's a combination of high ingredients and low interpretations." If *artisanal* and *farm to table* are the catchphrases and ambitions of the food world, for GG *turnt* and *steetz* are the goals. *Turnt*, as in "turned up" or "off the hook," is how Livingston describes their food events. "Just pure controlled anarchy," Gray says a crucial ingredient is *steetz* – style with ease.

While Livingston has cooked in some of the best restaurants in New York City, he sees a market for diners who appreciate food and experiences but don't want them restricted to the confines of a proper sit-down meal. A Ghetto Gastro event is ideally a cultural equalizer. "I don't like to dress up, and I feel like when you go to a nice restaurant you have to," he says. "But at Ghetto Gastro events you can just come

as you are. The food is going to be on a high level, but you can still have fun and think, I'm around people who look like me and dress like me."

If 10 years ago chefs were the new rock stars, today they're the new rap stars, with Roy Choi, the Korean taco truck mogul turned restaurateur, and New York's Eddie Huang, Baohaus chef and sitcom inspiration, referencing Wu-Tang as much as Alice Waters. But that doesn't mean GG leaves the "farm to table" of it all behind. In Manhattan, at the Union Square farmers market, GG slows down and

"We try to fuck heads up and take food that's not approachable and make it more democratic."

shops for the party. The men pick out carrots still caked with mud, bright rainbow chard and dusky black kale. They sample heirloom tomatoes, pondering the comparative virtues of Black Velvets and Brandywines. Gray points out that access to fresh produce is sadly limited in a city where the outer boroughs remain food deserts. "Most of the food in New York comes through the Bronx," says Gray. "While rainbow radishes are going straight to Eleven Madison Park, it's still hard to get a fresh apple in the bodega." At Pino's, an old-school Italian meat shop in the West Village, we pick up 30 pounds of duck fat, chicken wings and ground beef. As we're walking out, one of the counter guys asks, "Are those guys rappers?"

The guys say this is a common flash assumption. In Europe, says Walker, most people immediately assume they're rappers or



Chicken wings get finished on the grill.

DJ Loose Cannon and DJ A Wabbz at the turntables at the Hash House.



ballplayers. "Within the first 30 seconds that stereotype is thrown out the door," says Orlando. "These guys are real, and if you don't see that when you talk with them, then you don't deserve to hang with them."

Back at the Hash House, the crew is joined by WD-50 line cooks, and Jan Warren, a bartender friend, makes a batch of Bronx-influenced mixology. "This was inspired by a drink Ellie, a roughneck Puerto Rican kid I went to high school with, used to make," says Warren. "He'd take a 40, drink about a fifth of it, pour in a small can of Coco

López coconut cream, put the cap back on and gently mix it together. In a teenage brain, the explosion of sugar and high alcohol content was the best semi-legal high you could get."

Everyone hunkers down, and the unmistakable near-silent intensity of a pro kitchen staff at work settles on the room. Helping them prep is Pierre Serrao, a personal trainer and chef who has cooked in restaurants and as a private chef for Jay Z. "In the food game this is the crew I look to for inspiration," says Serrao. "So many guys take the same road. I love how they're all about word of mouth and collaboration." His reaction to Ghetto Gastro's collective approach to work is a common one. You don't want to be them so much as join them. And then the quiet of the kitchen is shattered as Livingston boots

"These guys are real, and if you don't see that when you talk with them, then you don't deserve to hang with them."

up the Sonos and Wiz Khalifa thunders from the speakers: "We dem boyz, hol up, hol up, hol up, we makin noise."

Come nightfall, two cheap Chinese paper lanterns illuminate the patio, sous vide chicken wings are finished on the grill, and duck-fat-fried potato salad and melon, kale and quinoa salads are put out. Models, entrepreneurs and the collected friends and family of GG arrive. The malt-liquor-infused cocktails start to flow, and the apartment is transformed into a classic New York house party. Walker, loose and

relaxed after a day of cooking, looks over the patio at people dancing and eating, the Empire State Building glowing across the river, and rhymes, "There's no shortage, Ghetto Gastro

representing from Denmark to Shoreditch."

And the timing couldn't be better. With Vice producing a series with rapper Action Bronson visiting Michelin-starred New York restaurants, and the network sitcom *Fresh Off the Boat* centering on a hip-hop-obsessed Taiwanese American wannabe chef, the mash-up of hip-hop and food is trending big. Orlando from Amass has high hopes. "In the food world these guys are way outside the box," he says, "and that's why people are going to start to notice them. It might not be tomorrow, but I can assure you it will be very soon, and you are going to wonder why it took so long." 🍌

MISS
MARCH



GORE-GEIOUS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN ZELEZNY

Destined for center stage early on, Erica Gore grew up as a cheerleader, gymnast, and dancer in Huntsville, Alabama. By the time she reached high school, she was teaching dance and traveling across North America for Latin Ballroom competitions, earning a spot at the USA national championships three years straight. At 18 she moved to Los Angeles for a dance career. "But then I was drawn to the world of fitness, which is huge here," says the naturally enthusiastic poser. "This year I was certified as a trainer, and soon I'll be on stage for a major fitness competition. I'm so excited!" We're pleased to introduce the world to fitness model Erica Gore, our Playmate of the Month.

Erica Gore



















MISS MARCH

Erica Gore

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: *Erica Gore*

BUST: *34DD*

WAIST: *26*

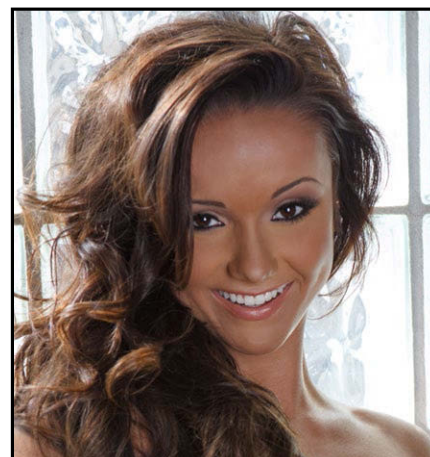
HIPS: *39*

HEIGHT: *5'6"*

WEIGHT: *140*

BIRTH DATE: *August 8, 1995*

BIRTHPLACE: *Huntsville, Alabama, USA*



WHAT ARE YOUR PROFESSIONAL AMBITIONS?

I want to go into the health and fitness field and continue modeling.

TURN-ONS

A big, huge... personality (wink).

TURN-OFFS

Smoking cigarettes... ew.

MY DREAM DATE

Something adventurous... like parasailing or scuba diving then a quiet dinner on the beach.

WORST JOB I HAD BEFORE MODELING

Oh gosh, I've had several. But I think the worst was working at a burger restaurant when I was 16. It was my first job and I had no idea what I was doing. I would go hang out with my friends after work smelling like fried food all the time... bleh!

THREE THINGS I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT

Music, squat racks, pizza.

MY GUILTY PLEASURE: *Dancing... I dance pretty much at any time, any place.*

MY BIGGEST FEAR IS: *looking back and realizing I didn't live life fully.*

GET ME A PLANE TICKET TO: *Italy.*

HAPPINESS IS: *I think happiness is when you make the conscious choice to appreciate everything in your life and learn to love every experience you get. The good, the bad... it all makes you who you are. We tend to forget that it's not what you have; it's what you make of it.*

I'M NOT EMBARRASSED TO SAY: *I eat a lot of food... like, a lot.*

FAVORITE QUOTE

"Life should be like a Ferrari going down a long straight road. Go as fast as you possibly can. Then at the end of the road barely make it in to your parking spot, and be thankful for that one hell of a ride."

LEARN MORE ABOUT ERICA AT WWW.PLAYBOY.CO.ZA/PLAYMATES/ERICA-GORE





PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

"How often do you masturbate?" a doctor asked his patient.

"About four times a day," the patient said.

"Do you think you can stop?" the doctor asked.

"Why?" the man asked.

The doctor replied, "Because I'm trying to examine you."



Why does toilet paper need commercials? Who is not buying it?



As a group of people boarded a packed hotel elevator, a man was pushed to the rear corner. Unable to reach the panel of buttons, he called out "Ballroom, please."

"I'm sorry," the woman in front of him said. "I didn't realize I was crowding you."



A blind man with a guide dog went into a store. Suddenly the man picked his dog up by the tail and started swinging the animal above his head.

The store clerk, alarmed by this behavior, asked, "Can I help you?"

"No, it's all right," said the blind man. "Just looking around."



Twitter is like a woman's skirt: Tweets are long enough to cover the subject but short enough to keep it interesting.



How do you identify a bald eagle?

All his feathers are combed to one side.



Three men were sitting around discussing women, and one said to the others, "I enjoy looking at a woman's tits the most."

"Personally I'd rather look at a woman's ass" the second man replied. "How about you?" he asked, turning to the third man.

"Me?" the man said. "I prefer to see the top of a woman's head."



A husband and wife got into an argument. The husband yelled, "When you die, I'm getting you a headstone that reads: 'Here lies my wife – as cold as ever.'"

"Oh yeah?" she said. "When you die, I'm getting you a headstone that reads 'Here lies my husband – stiff at last.'"



A man walked into his office on a Monday morning. He checked his emails and saw one from his neighbor. It read, "Do you have any naked photos of your wife?"

Outraged, he replied, "No, I certainly do not!"

A short while later he received a second email from the neighbor. Expecting an apology, the man opened the message. It read, "Want to buy some?"



How is sex like

paintball?

You play hard for 30 minutes, get hot and sweaty, and when it's over you're glad you're not the one who got shot in the face.



While attending a concert, a husband and wife noticed a very affectionate couple in the next row, running their hands over each other passionately.

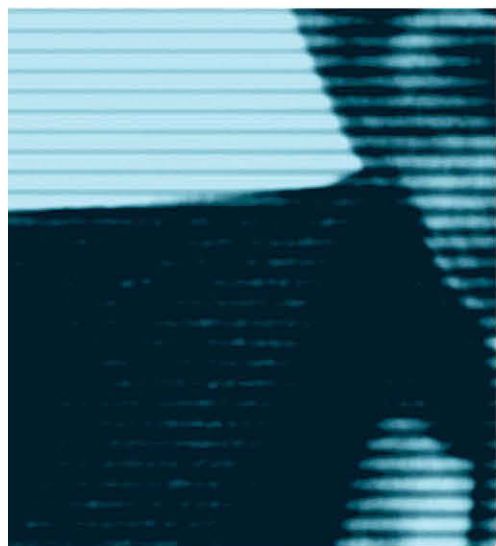
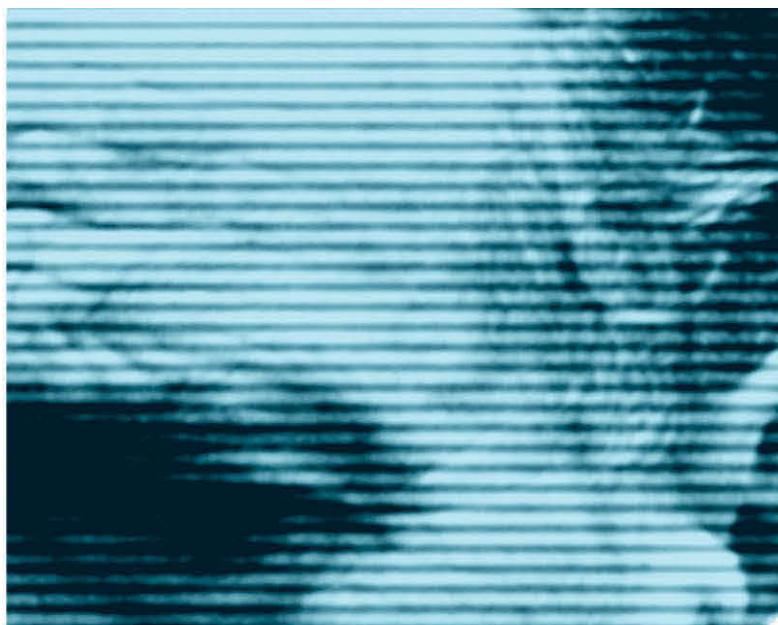
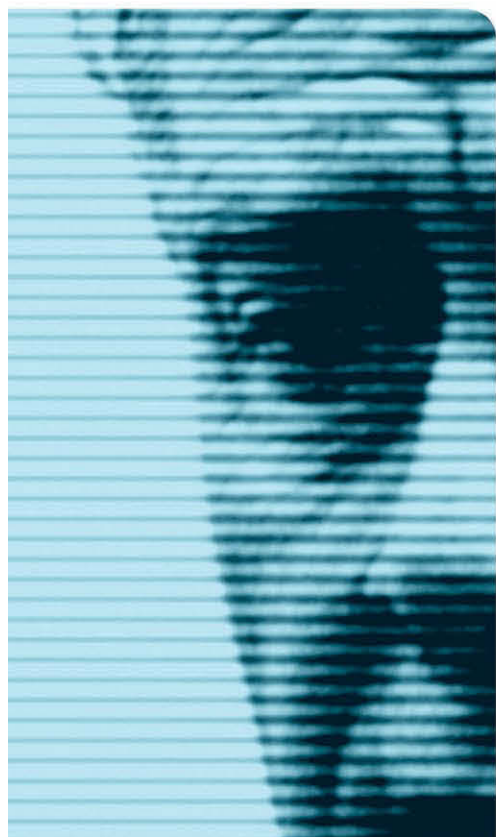
"I don't know whether to watch them or the stage," said the husband.

"Watch them!" said his wife. "You already know how to play the guitar."



What happens when a lawyer takes Viagra? He grows taller.

Willie Neiman



WHEN THE MEDIUM BECAME THE MESSAGE

Marshall McLuhan became famous with his wild, unconventional views about media in the 1960s. What's amazing is how right he was about the future

BY ERIC NORDEN

In 1961 Marshall McLuhan was unknown to everyone but his English students at the University of Toronto and a coterie of academic admirers who followed his abstruse articles in small-circulation quarterlies. Of course, that was before he penned a series of paradigm-shifting books that changed the way we think about media, technology, communication and even humanity itself. With the publication of McLuhan's *The Gutenberg Galaxy*, *Understanding Media* and *The Medium Is the Message* (the title of which was a play on one of the most popular McLuhanisms, "The medium is the message"), the professor from Canada became, as the *San Francisco Chronicle* observed, "the hottest academic property around." Andy Warhol, John

Lennon, Yoko Ono and other celebrities made pilgrimages to see him. Tom Wolfe wrote, "Suppose he is what he sounds like – the most important thinker since Newton, Darwin, Freud, Einstein and Pavlov?" Even now, more than three decades after his death, McLuhan's philosophies about media and technology are still influential. His books are taught in colleges, and his thinking informs the technological and media revolutions he predicted. McLuhan envisioned the World

Wide Web decades before its creation. He imagined a time when global conversations would take place in real time – before the founders of Twitter were even born. McLuhan wrote, "Societies have always been shaped more by the nature of the media by which men communicate than by the content of the communication." That message is even more relevant now than when he penned it five decades ago.

At the height of McLuhan's popularity, *PLAYBOY* assigned interviewer Eric Norden to visit the author at his home in the wealthy Toronto suburb of Wychwood Park, where he lived with his wife, Corinne, and five of his six children. In March 1969 Norden reported: "Tall, gray and gangly, with a thin but mobile mouth and an otherwise eminently forgettable face, McLuhan was dressed in an ill-fitting brown tweed suit, black shoes and a clip-on necktie. As we talked on into the night before a crackling fire, McLuhan expressed his reservations about the interview – indeed, about the printed word itself – as a means of communication, suggesting that the question-and-answer format might impede the in-depth flow of his ideas. I assured him that he would have as much time – and space – as he wished to develop his thoughts. The result has considerably more lucidity and clarity than McLuhan's readers are accustomed to – perhaps because the Q&A format serves to pin him down by counteracting his habit of mercurially changing the subject in midstream of consciousness." Norden began the interview with an allusion to a TV show that was popular at the time; it was fitting, since McLuhan's favorite electronic medium was television.

PLAYBOY: To borrow Henry Gibson's oft-repeated one-line poem on Rowan & Martin's *Laugh-In* – "Marshall McLuhan, what are you doin'?"

MCLUHAN: I'm making explorations. I don't know where they're going to take me. My work is designed for the pragmatic purpose of trying to understand our technological environment and its psychic and social consequences. The better part of my work on media is actually somewhat like a safecracker's. I don't know what's inside; maybe it's nothing. I just sit down and start to work. I grope, I listen, I test, I accept and discard; I try out different sequences – until the tumblers fall and the doors spring open.

PLAYBOY: Isn't such a methodology somewhat erratic and inconsistent – if not, as your critics would maintain, eccentric?

MCLUHAN: Any approach to environmental problems must be sufficiently flexible and adaptable to encompass the entire environmental matrix, which is in constant flux. Effective study of the media deals not only with the content of the media but with the media themselves and the total cultural environment within which the media function. Only by standing aside from any phenomenon and taking an overview can you discover its operative principles and lines of force. For the past 3,500 years of the Western world, the effects of media – whether it's speech, writing, printing, photography, radio or television – have been systematically overlooked by social

observers. Even in today's revolutionary electronic age, scholars evidence few signs of modifying this traditional stance of ostrich-like disregard.

PLAYBOY: Why?

MCLUHAN: Because all media, from the phonetic alphabet to the computer, are extensions of man that cause deep and lasting changes in him and transform his environment. Such an extension is an intensification, an amplification of an organ, sense or function, and whenever it takes place, the central nervous system appears to institute a self-protective numbing of the affected area, insulating and anesthetizing it from conscious awareness of what's happening to it. It's a process rather like that which occurs to the body under shock or stress conditions, or to the mind in line with the Freudian concept of repression. This problem is doubly acute today because man must, as a simple survival strategy, become aware of what is happening to him, despite the attendant pain of such comprehension. The fact that he has not done so in this age of electronics is what has made this also the age of anxiety. We live in the first age when change occurs sufficiently rapidly to make such pattern recognition possible for society at large. Until the present era, this awareness has always been reflected first by the artist, who has had the power – and courage – of the seer to read

the language of the outer world and relate it to the inner world.

PLAYBOY: Why should it be the artist rather than the scientist who perceives these relationships and foresees these trends?

MCLUHAN: Because inherent in the artist's creative inspiration is the process of subliminally sniffing out environmental change. It's always been the artist who perceives the alterations in man caused by a new medium, who recognizes that the future is the present and uses his work to prepare the ground for it. But most people, from truck drivers to the literary Brahmins, are still blissfully ignorant of what the media do to them; unaware that because of their pervasive effects on man, it is the medium itself that is the message, not the content, and unaware that the medium is also the message – that, all puns aside, it literally works over and saturates and molds and transforms every sense ratio. The content or message of any particular medium has about as much importance as the stenciling on the casing of an atomic bomb. But the ability to perceive media-induced extensions of man, once the province of the artist, is now being expanded as the new environment of electric information makes possible a new degree of perception and

The better part of my work on media is actually somewhat like a safecracker's. I don't know what's inside; maybe it's nothing. I just sit down and start to work. I grope, I listen, I test, I accept and discard; I try out different sequences – until the tumblers fall and the doors spring open.

critical awareness by nonartists.

PLAYBOY: A good deal of the perplexity surrounding your theories is related to this postulation of hot and cool media. Could you give us a brief definition of each?

MCLUHAN: Basically, a hot medium excludes and a cool medium includes; hot media are low in participation, or completion, by the audience and cool media are high in participation. A hot medium is one that extends a single sense with high definition. High definition means a complete filling in of data by the medium without intense audience participation. A photograph, for example, is high definition or hot; whereas a cartoon is low definition or cool, because the rough outline drawing provides very little visual data and requires the viewer to fill in or complete the image himself. The telephone, which gives the ear relatively little data, is thus cool, as is speech; both demand considerable filling in by the listener. On the other hand, radio is a hot medium because it sharply and intensely provides great amounts of high-definition auditory information that leaves little or nothing to be filled in by the audience. A lecture, by the same token, is hot, but a seminar is cool; a book is hot, but a conversation or bull session is cool. In a cool medium, the audience is an active constituent of the viewing or listening

experience. A girl wearing open-mesh silk stockings or glasses is inherently cool and sensual because the eye acts as a surrogate hand in filling in the low-definition image thus engendered. Which is why boys make passes at girls who wear glasses. In any case, the overwhelming majority of our technologies and entertainments since the introduction of print technology have been hot, fragmented and exclusive, but in the age of television we see a return to cool values and the inclusive in-depth involvement and participation they engender. This is, of course, just one more reason why the medium is the message, rather than the content; it is the participatory nature of the TV experience itself that is important, rather than the content of the particular TV image that is being invisibly and indelibly inscribed on our skins.

PLAYBOY: Even if, as you contend, the medium is the ultimate message, how can you entirely discount the importance of content? Didn't the content of Hitler's radio speeches, for example, have some effect on the Germans?

MCLUHAN: By stressing that the medium is the message rather than the content, I'm not suggesting that content plays no role – merely that it plays a distinctly subordinate role. Even if

Hitler had delivered botany lectures, some other demagogue would have used the radio to retribalize the Germans and rekindle the dark atavistic side of the

tribal nature that created European fascism in the 1920s and 1930s. By placing all the stress on content and practically none on the medium, we lose all chance of perceiving and influencing the impact of new technologies on man, and thus we are always dumbfounded by – and unprepared for – the revolutionary environmental transformations induced by new media. Buffeted by environmental changes he cannot comprehend, man echoes the last plaintive cry of his tribal ancestor, Tarzan, as he plummeted to earth: "Who greased my vine?" The German Jew victimized by the Nazis because his old tribalism clashed with their new tribalism could no more understand why his world was turned upside down than the American today can understand the reconfiguration of social and political institutions caused by the electric media in general and television in particular.

PLAYBOY: How is television reshaping our political institutions?

MCLUHAN: TV is revolutionizing every political system in the Western world. For one thing, it's creating a totally new type of national leader, a man who is much more of a tribal chieftain than a politician. Castro is a good example of the new tribal chieftain who rules his country by a mass-participational TV dialogue and feedback; he governs his country on camera, by

giving the Cuban people the experience of being directly and intimately involved in the process of collective decision making. Castro's adroit blend of political education, propaganda and avuncular guidance is the pattern for tribal chieftains in other countries. The new political showman has to literally as well as figuratively put on his audience as he would a suit of clothes and become a corporate tribal image – like Mussolini, Hitler and FDR in the days of radio, and Jack Kennedy in the television era. All these men were tribal emperors on a scale theretofore unknown in the world, because they all mastered their media.

PLAYBOY: How did Kennedy use TV in a manner different from his predecessors – or successors?

MCLUHAN: Kennedy was the first TV president because he was the first prominent American politician to ever understand the dynamics and lines of force of the television iconoscope. As I've explained, TV is an inherently cool medium, and Kennedy had a compatible coolness and indifference to power, bred of personal wealth, which allowed him to adapt fully to TV. Any political candidate who doesn't have such cool, low-definition qualities, which allow the viewer to fill in the gaps with his own personal identification, simply electrocutes himself on television – as Richard Nixon did in his disastrous debates with Kennedy in the 1960 campaign. Nixon was essentially hot; he presented a high-definition, sharply defined image and action on the TV screen that contributed to his reputation as a phony – the "Tricky Dicky" syndrome that has dogged his footsteps for years. "Would you buy a used car from this man?" the political cartoon asked – and the answer was no, because he didn't project the cool aura of disinterest and objectivity that Kennedy emanated so effortlessly and engagingly.

PLAYBOY: How did Lyndon Johnson make use of television?

MCLUHAN: He botched it the same way Nixon did. He was too intense, too obsessed with making his audience love and revere him as father and teacher, and too classifiable. Would people feel any safer buying a used car from LBJ than from the old Nixon? The answer is, obviously, no. Johnson became a stereotype – even a parody – of himself, and earned the same reputation as a phony that plagued Nixon for so long. The people wouldn't have cared if John Kennedy lied to them on TV, but they couldn't stomach LBJ even when he told the truth.

PLAYBOY: Do you relate this identity crisis to the current social unrest and violence in the United States?

MCLUHAN: Yes, and to the booming business psychiatrists are doing. All our alienation and atomization are reflected in the crumbling of such time-honored social values as the right of privacy and the sanctity of the individual; as they yield to the intensities of the new technology's electric circus, it seems to the average citizen that the sky



All our alienation and atomization are reflected in the crumbling of such time-honored social values as the right of privacy and the sanctity of the individual...

is falling in. As man is tribally metamorphosed by the electric media, we all become Chicken Littles, scurrying around frantically in search of our former identities, and in the process unleash tremendous violence. As the preliterate confronts the literate in the postliterate arena, as new information patterns inundate and uproot the old, mental breakdowns of varying degrees – including the collective nervous breakdowns of whole societies unable to resolve their crises of identity – will become very common. It is not an easy period in which to live, especially for the television-conditioned young who, unlike their literate elders, cannot take refuge in the zombie trance

of Narcissus narcissis that numbs the state of psychic shock induced by the impact of the new media. From Tokyo to Paris to Columbia, youth mindlessly acts

out its identity quest in the theater of the streets, searching not for goals but for roles, striving for an identity that eludes them.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the surviving hippie subculture is a reflection of youth's rejection of the values of our mechanical society?

MCLUHAN: Of course. These kids are fed up with jobs and goals and are determined to forget their own roles and involvement in society. They want nothing to do with our fragmented and specialist consumer society. Take the field of fashion, for example, which now finds boys and girls dressing alike and wearing their hair alike,

reflecting the unisexuality deriving from the shift from visual to tactile. The younger generation's whole orientation is toward a return to the native, as reflected by their costumes, their music, their long hair and their sociosexual behavior. Our teenage generation is already becoming part of a jungle clan. As youth enters this clan world and all their senses are electrically extended and intensified, there is a corresponding amplification of their sexual sensibilities. Nudity and unabashed sexuality are growing in the electric age because as TV tattoos its message directly on our skins, it renders clothing obsolescent and a barrier, and the

The young will continue turning on no matter how many of them are turned off into prisons, and such legal restrictions only reflect the cultural aggression and revenge of a dying culture against its successor.

new tactility makes it natural for kids to constantly touch one another – as reflected by the button sold in the psychedelic shops: "If It Moves, Fondle It." The electric media, by stimulating all the senses simultaneously, also give a new and richer sensual dimension to everyday sexuality that makes Henry Miller's style of randy rutting old-fashioned and obsolete. Once a society enters the all-involving tribal mode, it is inevitable that our attitudes toward sexuality change. We see, for example, the ease with which young people live guiltlessly with one another, or, as among the hippies, in communal ménages. This is completely tribal.

PLAYBOY: But aren't most tribal societies sexually restrictive rather than permissive?

MCLUHAN: Actually, they're both. Virginity is not, with a few exceptions, the tribal style in most primitive societies; young people tend to have total sexual access to one another until marriage. But after marriage, the wife becomes a jealously guarded possession and adultery a paramount sin. Today, as the old values collapse and we see an exhilarating release of pent-up sexual frustrations, we are all inundated by a tidal wave of emphasis on sex. Far from liberating the libido, however, such onslaughts seem to have induced jaded

attitudes and a kind of psychosexual *weltschmerz*. No sensitivity of sensual response can survive such an assault, which stimulates the mechanical view

of the body as capable of experiencing specific thrills, but not total sexual-emotional involvement and transcendence. It contributes to the schism between sexual enjoyment and reproduction that is so prevalent, and it also strengthens the case for homosexuality. Projecting current trends, the love machine would appear a natural development in the near future – not just the current computerized date-finder, but a machine whereby ultimate orgasm is achieved by direct mechanical stimulation of the pleasure circuits of the brain.

PLAYBOY: Do we detect a note of disapproval in your analysis of the growing sexual freedom?

MCLUHAN: No, I neither approve nor disapprove. I merely try to understand. Sexual freedom is as natural to newly tribalized youth as drugs.

PLAYBOY: What's natural about drugs?

MCLUHAN: They're natural means of smoothing cultural transitions, and also a shortcut into the electric vortex. The upsurge in drug taking is intimately related to the impact of the electric media. Look at the metaphor for getting high: turning on. One turns on his consciousness through drugs just as he opens up all his senses to a total depth involvement by turning on the TV dial. Drug taking is stimulated by today's pervasive environment of instant information, with its feedback mechanism of the inner trip. The inner trip is not the sole prerogative of the LSD traveler; it's the universal experience of TV watchers.

PLAYBOY: A Columbia coed was recently quoted in *Newsweek* as equating you and LSD. "LSD doesn't mean anything until you consume it," she said. "Likewise McLuhan." Do you see any similarities?

MCLUHAN: I'm flattered to hear my work described as hallucinogenic, but I suspect that some of my academic critics find me a bad trip.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever taken LSD yourself?

MCLUHAN: No, I never have.

PLAYBOY: Are you in favor of legalizing marijuana and hallucinogenic drugs?

MCLUHAN: My personal point of view is irrelevant, since all such legal restrictions are futile and will inevitably wither away. You could as easily ban drugs in a retribalized society as outlaw clocks in a mechanical culture. The young will continue turning on no matter how many of them are turned off into prisons, and such legal restrictions only reflect the cultural aggression and revenge of a dying culture against its successor.

PLAYBOY: If personal freedom will still exist – although restricted by certain consensual taboos – in this new tribal world, what about the political system most closely associated with individual freedom: democracy? Will it, too, survive the transition to your global village?

MCLUHAN: No, it will not. The day of political democracy as we know it today is finished. Let me stress again that individual freedom itself will not be submerged in the new tribal society, but it will certainly assume different and more complex dimensions. The ballot box, for example, is the product of literate Western culture – a hot box in a cool world – and thus obsolescent. The tribal will is consensually expressed through the simultaneous interplay of all members of a community that is deeply interrelated and involved, and would thus consider the casting of a “private” ballot in a shrouded polling booth a ludicrous anachronism. The TV networks’ computers, by “projecting” a victor in a presidential race while the polls are still open, have already rendered the traditional electoral process obsolescent.

PLAYBOY: How will the popular will be registered in the new tribal society if elections are passé?

MCLUHAN: The electric media open up totally new means of registering popular opinion. The old concept of the plebiscite, for example, may take on new relevance; TV could conduct daily plebiscites by presenting facts to 200 million people and providing a computerized feedback of the popular will. But voting, in the traditional sense, is through as we leave the age of political parties, political issues and political goals, and enter an age where the collective tribal image and the iconic image of the tribal chieftain is the overriding political reality. But that’s only one of countless new realities we’ll be confronted with in the tribal village. We must understand that a totally new society is coming into being, one that rejects all our old values, conditioned responses, attitudes and institutions. If you have difficulty envisioning something as trivial as the imminent end of elections, you’ll be totally unprepared to cope with the prospect of the forthcoming demise of spoken language and its replacement by a global consciousness.

PLAYBOY: You’re right.

MCLUHAN: Let me help you. Tribal man is tightly sealed in an integral collective awareness that transcends conventional boundaries of time and space. As such, the new society will be one mythic integration, a resonating world akin to the old tribal echo chamber where magic will live again: a world of ESP. The current interest of youth in astrology, clairvoyance and the occult is no coincidence. Electric technology, you see, does not require words any more than a digital computer requires numbers. Electricity makes possible – and not in the distant future, either – an amplification of human consciousness on a world scale, without any verbalization at all.

PLAYBOY: Are you talking about global telepathy?

As man is tribally metamorphosed by the electric media, we all become Chicken Littles, scurrying around frantically in search of our former identities, and in the process unleash tremendous violence.

MCLUHAN: Precisely. Already, computers offer the potential of instantaneous translation of any code or language into any other code or language. If a data feedback is possible through the computer, why not a feed-forward of thought whereby a world consciousness links into a world computer?

PLAYBOY: Isn’t this projection of an electronically induced world consciousness more mystical than technological?

MCLUHAN: Yes – as mystical as the most advanced theories of modern nuclear physics. Mysticism is just tomorrow’s science dreamed today.

PLAYBOY: You said that all of contemporary man’s traditional values, attitudes and institutions are going to be destroyed and replaced in and by the new electric age. That’s a pretty sweeping generalization. Apart from the complex psychosocial metamorphoses you’ve mentioned, would you explain in more detail some of the specific changes you foresee?

MCLUHAN: The transformations are taking place everywhere around us. As the old value systems crumble, so do all the institutional clothing and garbage they fashioned. The cities, corporate extensions of our physical organs, are withering and being translated along with all other such extensions into information systems, as television and the jet – by compressing time and space – make all the world one village and destroy the old city-country dichotomy. New York, Chicago, Los Angeles – all will disappear like the dinosaur. The automobile, too, will soon be as obsolete as the cities it is currently strangling, replaced by new antigravitational technology. The marketing systems and the stock market as we know them today will soon be

dead as the dodo, and automation will end the traditional concept of the job, replacing it with a role, and giving men the breath of leisure. The electric media will create a world of dropouts from the old fragmented society, with its neatly compartmentalized analytic functions, and cause people to drop in to the new integrated global-village community.

PLAYBOY: Despite your personal distaste for the upheavals induced by the new electric technology, you seem to feel that if we understand and influence its effects on us, a less alienated and fragmented society may emerge from it. Is it thus accurate to say that you are essentially optimistic about the future?

MCLUHAN: There are grounds for both optimism and pessimism. The extensions of man’s consciousness induced by the electric media could conceivably usher in the millennium, but it also holds the potential for realizing the Antichrist – Yeats’s rough

beast, its hour come round at last, slouching toward Bethlehem to be born. Cataclysmic environmental changes such as these are, in and of themselves, morally neutral; it is how we perceive them and react to them that will determine their ultimate psychic and social consequences. If we refuse to see them at all, we will become their servants. It’s inevitable that the world-pool of electronic information movement will toss us all about like corks on a stormy sea, but if we keep our cool during the descent into the maelstrom, studying the process as it happens to us and what we can do about it, we can come through.

Personally, I have a great faith in the resiliency and adaptability of man, and I tend to look to our tomorrows with a surge of excitement and hope. I feel that we’re standing on the threshold of a liberating and exhilarating world in which the human tribe can become truly one family and man’s consciousness can be freed from the shackles of mechanical culture and enabled to roam the cosmos.

I expect to see the coming decades transform the planet into an art form; the new man, linked in a cosmic harmony that transcends time and space, will sensuously caress and mold and pattern every facet of the terrestrial artifact as if it were a work of art, and man himself will become an organic art form. There is a long road ahead, and the stars are only way stations, but we have begun the journey. To be born in this age is a precious gift, and I regret the prospect of my own death only because I will leave so many pages of man’s destiny – if you will excuse the Gutenbergian image – tantalizingly unread. But perhaps, as I’ve tried to demonstrate in my examination of the postliterate culture, the story begins only when the book closes. ♫

CRAVE: MASTERING THE ART OF SEX TOYS

Maybe there was a vibrator out there for me that didn't look like a cartoon penis, a cupcake or a rubber duck.

My first sex toy was a bubble-gum-blue phallic vibrator that looked like it took two dollars to produce, though its price tag swore otherwise. I have no idea what kind of material it was made out of or how safe it was to use; all I knew was this visit to the sex shop was way different from previous visits with my friends. We'd usually gawk at the life-size *Penthouse* Sex Doll they proudly had on display (it had interchangeable pubic hair!), buy sickly sweet-smelling candles and massage oil or cruise the bargain bin for porn parodies. I remember being embarrassed that I was buying the thing. I decided to grab a happy birthday bag, a really derogatory card and a handful of novelty condoms at the checkout and chuckled nervously with the cashier, who in reality did not give a crap about me or my blue vibrator.

I ditched all of the birthday accessories immediately upon leaving the store.

Fast-forward a few years later; I wanted to have another go at buying a vibrator but cringed at the idea of a repeat of that first (and only) toy-buying experience. Then I found Incoqnito, an elegant line of jewelry

and accessories that are functional both in and out of the bedroom, and felt a glimmer of hope. Maybe there was a vibrator out there for me that didn't look like a cartoon penis, a cupcake or a rubber duck. Someone out there must be putting some much-needed attention into designing and crafting a well-thought-out product, right?

After contacting Ti Chang, the designer of Incoqnito, now merged with the Crave line of sex toys, I learned just how far some people are going to develop the ultimate pleasure products and that she was right in the thick of it. "I remember walking into a sex shop and just being completely flabbergasted, completely stunned at the lack of quality toys. It was almost as if it was a joke; I was like, 'Really? This is all I get to pick from?' So I thought, well, I've been designing for these big companies for women; why don't I have a go at it?"

When Chang first began looking for inspiration for her handcuff bracelets, vibrating droplet necklaces and leather tassels, she wanted to do away with the "penis-shaped objects and the very crass-looking products" and instead "elevate and stretch the notion of what the typical sex toy is."



CHIEF PLEASURE OFFICER, TI CHANG

Co-Founder and VP of Design, Ti Chang is a respected female industrial designer who is disrupting the adult products industry through innovative design.

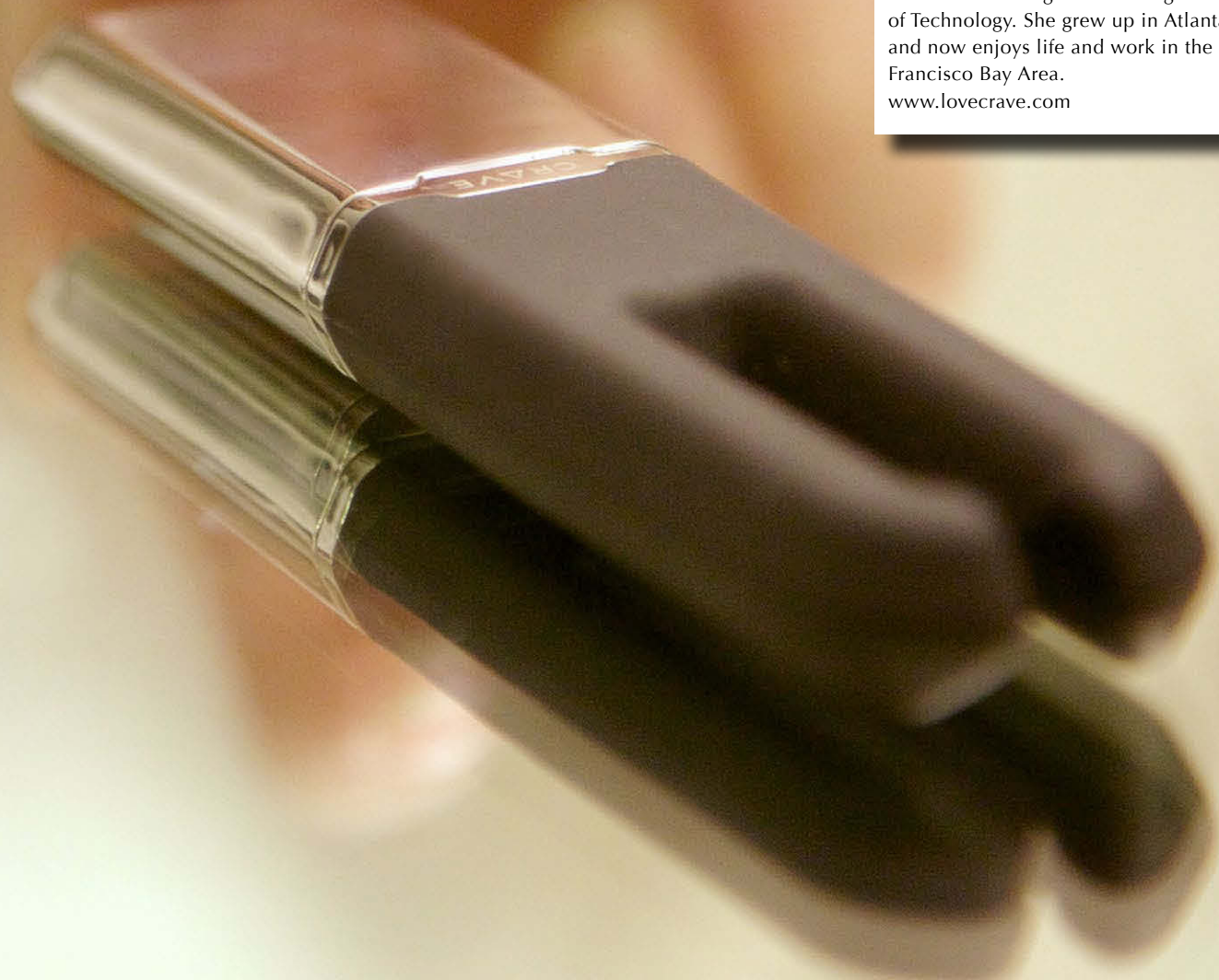
"When I noticed that the quality of design for women's sex toys was lacking due to the stigma, I knew I needed to do something about it."

"Foreplay jewelry was designed to shift the thinking around sex toys. I believe sex toys should be well designed and elegant like any consumer product today. It does not have to look gaudy or like a phallic shaped object."

"The line is intended to be elegant, sexy and blur the lines between private and public."

Ti holds a MA in Design Products from Royal College of Art in London and a BS in Industrial Design from Georgia Institute of Technology. She grew up in Atlanta and now enjoys life and work in the San Francisco Bay Area.

www.lovecrave.com





“ The experience is so personal, there's so much physiology involved, and emotion and aesthetics, and all of that comes into play. If there was ever a place that needs quality design it's probably this category. ”

Not long after releasing the accessory line that caught my eye, Chang met entrepreneur Michael Topolovac, which is where her story takes an interesting turn. Unlike many other sex toy companies, even high-quality players like LELO or Jimmyjane, Topolovac believed that there was something lacking from sex accessories: a woman's voice. "I always thought that there were too many men. Most of the products were conceived of by men and usually hacked up with very few female voices in any capacity, which seemed like a major disconnect," explained Topolovac. "I always wanted a female cofounder – a female Jony Ive, if you will – and was fortunate to bump into Ti very early in the process."

The most famous product in their line is the Duet vibrator, which goes for \$150 – \$350. It's waterproof, very petite, sinfully quiet (they claim you could use it in a library), has four vibration modes and power levels, and is completely USB chargeable with the option of up to 16 GB of data storage. Unlike generic toy companies, the two spent years doing field research, creating prototype after prototype with their design team and developing a plan to overthrow the stigma around their merchandise. "Nobody said, 'Please make me a USB-rechargeable vibrator!'" laughs Topolovac. "I think proximity meets design and USB is a ubiquitous power source. It's in your computer and car, you use it for your iPhone. It's what makes this product so modern and sophisticated like the other products I use in my life. This is silly the way [vibrators] are as of now."

Silly is an understatement. Why is it that it took us moving into the 21st century to begin a dialogue on how sex toys are designed and affect our lives? Topolovac agreed: "Good products are well designed and it's a glaring omission

that throughout history sex toys have not been well perceived or designed, and that's mostly about the stigma. The experience is so personal, there's so much physiology involved, and emotion and aesthetics, and all of that comes into play. If there was ever a place that needs quality design it's probably this category. There's a glaring disconnect that it hasn't happened in the past."

Like pornography, sex toys are becoming en vogue, inching them away from the seedy novelty stigmatization they've faced historically. We're now seeing sex toys from Trojan popping up in the condom aisle of the local pharmacy, crowd funding campaigns for innovative sex accessories and even stories of entrepreneurs like Chang and Topolovac in the *Wall Street Journal*, but they haven't hit the mainstream yet. "I think the question is... how you bring a product to the mainstream that the mainstream tends to view as sleazy or badly designed or stigmatized. We don't really look at ourselves – and this is not at all to discredit people in the sex toy industry – but we don't view ourselves as part of the 'sex toy industry'; we view ourselves as a modern brand who happens to sell products for pleasure, and we want to make those products available to our customers however they're most comfortable with. The challenge has actually become that."

Instead of the typical adult shops, Crave reached out to more conventional sites to carry their products, and they see other meticulously made sex toys going that way too. "Very modern design approaches, sophisticated materials and certain methodologies that you'd find in regular products based in more mature ones is what we're seeing in the future, and that translates into a much larger market. You're going to start seeing these products not just in your local sex toy shop but in mainstream shopping outlets. For example, one of our most successful retail partners is Fab.com. It's not a sex toy online shop but a modern products company. I think we're actually one of their more successful brands. I think you're going to see a lot more of that and you won't see much in the way of the old novelty products because many of those modern channels are not going to tolerate that, but you'll see more and more sophisticated products."

Crave has already dramatically changed the way we perceive sex toys. In September 2014 the company announced that they had raised \$2.4 million in angel funding, proving that consumers are calling for



NOW, THIS IS WEARABLE TECH

Vesper is both a gorgeous necklace as well as a strong, slim vibrator. Where others have created a vibrator that fails as quality jewelry or a gimmicky pendant with underwhelming vibration, Crave has succeeded in designing an innovative product that excels as both a sex toy and a high-fashion jewelry piece. Like the Duet, Crave's first product, the Vesper is USB rechargeable and whisper-quiet. And to match your own personal style, or wardrobe, it comes in three color options: silver, rose gold, and 24k gold-plated. Other Crave products include the Solo, Wink, Droplet necklace, and accessories such as stylish leather cuffs that could pass as bracelets.

more innovation, discretion and design in their sex toys. "The industry is shifting and women are demanding more from their toys," said Chang in the press release. "With our innovative approach to design, our commitment to local manufacturing and our focus on female sexuality, we're well positioned to deliver the modern experience that women want."

It's safe to say that Crave has accomplished a lot in its infancy not only for their company, but has also alleviated some of the stigma that comes along with these sorts of products. I'm happy that sex toys are moving away from their novelty and being seen as more of a lifestyle product. Having a positive relationship with that aspect of your life is healthy and obviously fun too. 🐰



42:1

BY ERIC RASKIN
IMAGE COURTESY XXX

Few expected Buster Douglas to survive one round with Mike Tyson. No one expected him to win. The inside story of the upset of the century, in honor of the fight's 25th anniversary.

Only in a sport like boxing and with an athlete like Mike Tyson could the words *routine* and *destruction* fit together.

But those are the words HBO blow-by-blow broadcaster Jim Lampley used to describe what everyone thought they were going to see in the Tokyo Dome on 11 February 1990: the “routine destruction” of James “Buster” Douglas. Tyson was 37–0 with 33 knockouts, the undisputed heavyweight champion of the world, the most famous athlete on the planet with the possible exception of Michael Jordan and the baddest man on the planet with no possible exception. As he made his 10th title defense against the lightly regarded Douglas, a second-generation fighter from Columbus, Ohio with four losses and a draw among his 34 contests, Tyson was listed – at the only sports book in Vegas willing to take action on the mismatch – as a 42-to-one favorite.

The opening bell rang a few minutes past noon that Sunday in Tokyo, a start time chosen for the convenience of Saturday-night audiences in the Western world. A quarter century later, what Douglas did to Tyson across 28 minutes and 22 seconds of pugilistic action still stands as the most shocking sports upset either hemisphere has ever seen.

There was destruction, all right, and it was anything but routine.

In this 25th-anniversary oral history, 20 insiders reflect on Buster’s last stand and Iron Mike’s first fall.

JAMES “BUSTER” DOUGLAS: fight like this, that’s really all I wanted to achieve. People for generations are going to know I existed. They’ll know I was here. I made my mark.

MIKE TYSON: storm of all these things that caused me to lose. I don’t know. I just know he kicked my ass that night.

I. INVINCIBILITY AND INCONSISTENCY

DOUGLAS: The first time I remember seeing Tyson was around 1986. Somebody asked me when was I going to fight him, and I said, “When is he going to fight me?” I was the more established fighter. He was just a new guy, but he was gathering a lot of steam with the press.

JIM LAMPLEY, HBO boxing commentator: The only person I remember being perceived as invincible perhaps to the same degree as Mike Tyson was Sonny Liston. Liston was an eight-to-one favorite over Cassius Clay. He was

regarded as unbeatable, pretty much in the same way Tyson was – and for the same reason, which is that the public falls for knockout punchers.

BERNARD FERNANDEZ, Philadelphia Daily News boxing writer: Ralph Kiner once said, “Home-run hitters drive Cadillacs, and singles hitters drive Fords.” The technicians, the cuties, they don’t get your blood pumping. The big boppers do – and Tyson was one of the biggest of the big boppers. Tyson was a kick-your-ass guy. He ended his fights with exclamation points, not with periods.

JOE LAYDEN, author of *The Last Great Fight*: If you were in an arena for a Tyson fight in the 1980s, it felt like you were there to watch an execution. It was just a matter of how devastating and awe-inspiring it was going to be.

BOB SHERIDAN, Don King Productions, international-feed broadcaster: Mike Tyson was considered totally invincible at that time. He would come out with just a towel over his shoulders with the hole cut out, no socks and those black trunks. He’d snarl around the ring before the fights and push his gloves back to try to get as much knuckle into his gloves as possible. I can’t think of anybody else who was that intimidating.

DOUGLAS: He comes to get you. He wasn’t bullshitting. He wasn’t making a party out of it. He was getting ‘em over with nice and quick.

DONALD TRUMP, friend and business associate of promoter Don King: I hosted a lot of Mike fights in Atlantic City. I had the Michael Spinks fiasco, where it was 91 seconds and it was over and guys weren’t even in the arena yet. Disaster. Spinks was petrified. Mike had won a lot of fights before they even fought.

LAMPLEY: I think the sense was widespread that Tyson was not going to lose anytime soon, and most particularly the sense was widespread that he would have no trouble whatsoever against Buster Douglas.

J RUSSELL PELTZ, boxing promoter: Buster was the opposite of his father. Bill “Dynamite” Douglas was a wild killer. Buster was a quiet, reserved, sat-in-the-back-of-the-bus kind of guy.

JD MCCAULEY, Douglas’s uncle and co-trainer: Buster boxed; he messed around with it. He played with it because it was there for him. But Buster didn’t like boxing.

TIM MAY, Columbus Dispatch boxing writer: Buster was about three, four inches taller than his dad, and he was an athlete. He played high school basketball on a state championship team.

DOUGLAS: I was a forward in high school. I was about six-three or six-four, 200 pounds. But I wasn’t going to go pro in basketball. I knew that wasn’t realistic. My junior year of college I was thinking

about boxing a lot because I was seeing it on TV all the time. I would see the amateur fighters and be like, Man, I used to be able to do that! So I made my mind up to give it a shot. My father was excited because that's what he'd been waiting for.

MCCAULEY: Only thing wrong with Buster was that he was lazy. He was an athlete and really had the skill for boxing. He just couldn't put it all together.

PELTZ: I promoted Buster for three fights in 1983. He won the first two. The third was against Mike "the Giant" White. Buster was winning every minute of every round, and then in the ninth round he just collapsed. I don't recall him getting hit with any punches; he was just so out of shape and out of gas that he collapsed and was counted out.

LAMPLEY: In 1989 Douglas struggled to win a title eliminator fight against Oliver McCall. McCall and Douglas were both promoted by Don King, as I recall, and the winner of that fight was going to get the shot against Mike. It was a fight that could have gone either way. Douglas got the decision.

DOUGLAS: The McCall fight, that was a fight I knew I had to win. That put me in line to fight Tyson.

LAMPLEY: By 1990 I'd been covering Tyson's fights for four years. He had gone through a lot of changes in those four years. First Cus D'Amato [his trainer

and father figure] died. Then his manager, Jimmy Jacobs, died. Those were two massive personal changes in his life that also affected his boxing life. And I saw the arrivals of both Robin Givens and Don King.

LARRY MERCHANT, HBO boxing color commentator: Tyson talked about the possibilities of what King might do to him, even while he was signing with him. [Editor's note: King declined multiple interview requests for this article.]

LAMPLEY: What Don had sold to him was "You're a grown man; you're 21; you're not going to be manipulated by white men anymore. This is the time for you to run your own life and have it the way you want it." And that opened the floodgates for all of Mike's worst habits and ideas to take control of him.

FERNANDEZ: He turned everything over to King, who basically let him do whatever he wanted to do.

AARON SNOWELL, Tyson's trainer: Mike was really in love with Robin Givens. That relationship with Robin, mentally, had a big effect on Mike.

LAMPLEY: I had been watching at close range the Robin breakup and all the unusual

events that went with it, including the incident when Tyson ran his car into a tree in upstate New York. It was impossible to tell whether he had fallen asleep at the wheel or whether it was a suicide attempt. There was a lot of speculation.

KEVIN ROONEY, Tyson's former trainer: Tyson fired me not too long after the Michael Spinks fight. Mike had so much potential, and Cus's goal was for him to go down as the greatest fighter in boxing history. He would have, if we had stayed together. No one would have ever beaten him. He would have been 100-0.

LAMPLEY: He knocked out Spinks on 27 June 1988. He was probably the greatest he ever was that particular night. He went into the ring the next time, February 1989, against Frank Bruno, and – I think it was the second round – Bruno whacked him with a left hook and momentarily had him out on his feet. Mike had already deteriorated considerably by February 1989.

TYSON: When I was active enough, the machine was oiled, and it was really hard to beat me. But I started fighting like twice a year, once a year. I'm the kind of fighter

"When a great champion like Mike Tyson doesn't want to train, no one – no one – could have got him to do it. Mike was going to do it his way, and he didn't care." – Snowell

that's got to fight four times a year. Once I got involved with guys like Don, they weren't keeping me busy enough. And since I wasn't busy enough, I started doing other stuff, getting involved with women I should not have gotten involved with. If Cus had been there, a lot of that doesn't happen.

MERCHANT: There was a certain arc in his career, and this one was already starting to show signs of a meteor that was not going to fly forever.

II. TRAGEDY AND TURMOIL

DOUGLAS: I knew I was deserving of the title shot. That's what really kills me. Some people think I was just walking down the street and Don King asked me, "Do you want to fight for the title?" No, I had to win some tough fights to get this opportunity.

MCCAULEY: Buster's manager, John Johnson, called and told me we were going to fight Mike Tyson. I about passed out. We started saying right then and there, "We gonna beat heavyweight champion of the world."

TYSON: I was not concerned at all, because some guys who I beat easily had already beat him. Tony Tucker, who I beat easily, knocked him out. Jesse Ferguson beat him too. I guess I didn't have no respect for Buster Douglas as a fighter. If it had been Evander Holyfield, I would have trained more seriously.

EVANDER HOLYFIELD, former heavyweight champion: I was the number one contender, but I had to wait one more fight for my shot. Douglas got his shot first. Don King ran heavyweight boxing and felt I wasn't a safe enough opponent. He wanted to get Mike one more fight to make some more money.

JOHN JOHNSON, Douglas's manager: We went to Tokyo because nobody in this country would pay a fuckin' penny to see Buster Douglas fight Mike Tyson.

DOUGLAS: My purse was \$1.3 million. I think Tyson's was \$6 million. I didn't care. It was about the opportunity.

JOHNSON: Twenty-three days before the fight, his mom – his best friend – died.

DOUGLAS: I was maybe four or five weeks into training when it happened. It wasn't sudden. It was a thing that was lingering. She would have better days, and she would

have not so good days. But still, it was unexpected.

JOHNSON: Buster said, "My mom wanted me to fight. My mom wanted me to win."

MCCAULEY: We never broke camp. Not one day off.

DOUGLAS: When that happened, I knew it was my time. I was like, This is ridiculous, you know? They take my mom! So I didn't want to cancel it. I wanted to make history.

MCCAULEY: He was already locked in. That just locked him in more.

JOHN RUSSELL, Douglas's co-trainer: Probably about six or seven days before the fight in Tokyo, I remember him looking up at me and just absolutely breaking down about his mom. I threw a towel over his head and said, "It's okay, man." But that was it. He's a strong dude. He never showed one sign of it the whole training camp, other than that.

JOHNSON: It was a great training camp.

TYSON: I came close to pulling out of the Buster Douglas fight. I didn't want to train. I was 23, and I wanted to party and have fun. Actually, my team had to almost track me down and beat me and have a gun to my head to take me up to training camp.

SNOWELL: There was talk of canceling, but we decided to go ahead with the fight. We thought we'd get through it.

TYSON: Before we left for Tokyo, man, they would hound me everywhere I went. I was

at a club and they're running through the club, yelling and screaming, making a big fit, embarrassing me, telling people, "Tell Mike he's gotta train! Mike got a fight; make him train!" They were chasing me in my car. I would ram their limousine with my car. That was in New York. I called the cops and told them to stop these guys from following me: "Arrest these guys. They're following me – they're part of my team, but arrest them."

SHERIDAN: Mike had a lot of distractions. I don't think he wanted to be in Japan. I don't think he liked Japan. I remember specifically Mike being in a foul mood at the press conference before the fight.

LAMPLEY: When I went to Tokyo for the fight, I was told by someone close to Mike that he was morose, extremely depressed and had been sitting in his room watching over and over a videotape called *Faces of Death*, which is a horrible, morbid collection of news footage of people dying. I was also told by someone very close to Mike that he'd been taking R&R trips from Japan to Honolulu to party prior to the Douglas fight.

SNOWELL: Well, I don't know where he was going [laughs], but he was pulling a disappearing act.

FERNANDEZ: We had heard all the stories – that he was in Tokyo, banging four Japanese girls a night. Was that true? Might have been only three. If the old axiom is true – no sex for six weeks before a fight because it takes your legs – then it was amazing Tyson could even crawl into the ring.

TYSON: My training session in Tokyo sucked. When I came into training camp I must have been 270 or 265. A lot of training camp was spent just trying to sweat off weight. I think I lost most of the weight by having sex with the ladies in Japan. I don't remember doing any roadwork, maybe once or twice. So I lost the weight in other ways.

SNOWELL: When a great champion like Mike Tyson doesn't want to train, no one – no one – could have got him to do it. Mike was going to do it his way, and he didn't care. That was what he said to me: He'd do it his way, and if he got his butt whupped, he'd take the blame. He's been man enough to live up to that. I respect him for that. Because he knows the conversations we had as fighter and trainer, and when the short end of the stick came up, he never said anything bad about me. Many other people did. He never did.

TYSON: That whole team fucked me up really bad. They weren't really professional trainers. Aaron's a good guy and stuff but not really a trainer.

ROONEY: His corner was totally incompetent. They had no idea what they were doing. Tyson was training himself at that time.

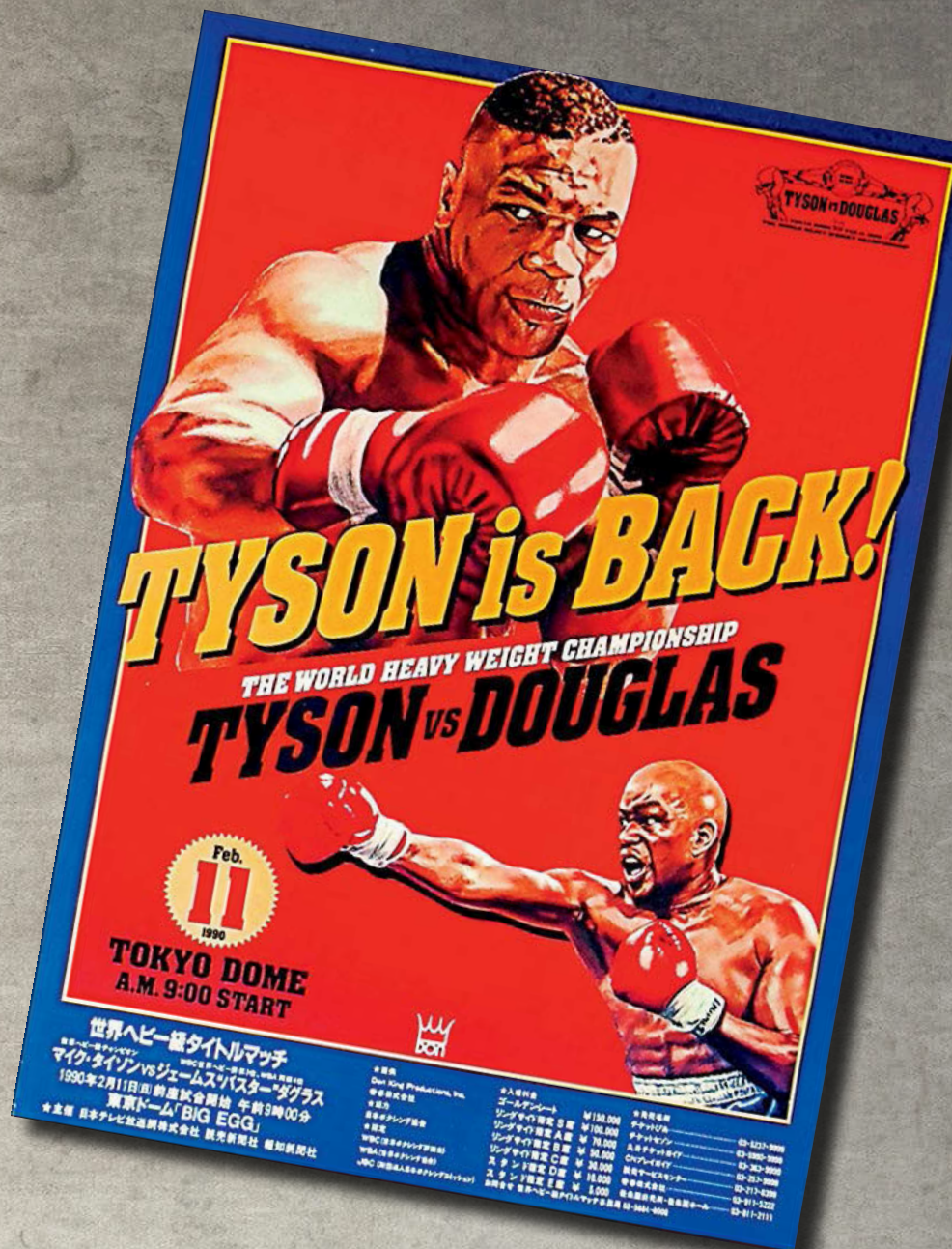
MAY: Everybody was wondering why I went out on a limb and wrote that I thought Buster could beat Tyson. The reason is that I saw both camps. I saw Buster in the best shape of his freakin' career. And if you were over there and saw Tyson and that circus going on around him.... I don't remember the wording, but I pretty much predicted Buster would beat him in eight rounds.

LAMPLEY: I didn't pay any attention before the fight to the tea leaves, which became so clear during the course of the fight that I had to kick myself after for having failed to anticipate it. Those tea leaves, when you look back, are very simple. Tyson almost lost the Quick Tillis fight. He went the distance with Tony Tucker. He went the distance with Bonecrusher Smith. He went to the last

10 seconds with José Ribalta. He went the distance with Mitch "Blood" Green. What did all those guys have in common? They were all taller than Mike, and all of them could throw a jab. Buster was six-four, 235 pounds and a former basketball player who had athletic quality. He was probably a better all-around athlete than Green, Tucker, Ribalta or Tillis. Now, add the motivation of the death of his mother and the fact that Buster was, for once in his life, in great shape, and we should have seen it coming.

ART MANTERIS, Las Vegas Hilton vice president, race and sports book operations:

There were only one or two places in Las Vegas that posted a line on the fight. That "42-1" number that's so famous and quoted so frequently, that was put up by a friend of





mine, Jimmy Vaccaro.

JIMMY VACCARO, Mirage race and sports book director: The Mirage was the only casino in Las Vegas that posted odds on the fight. I opened the fight at 27–1. Within probably an hour and a half I had the first bet. I had a guy bet me \$54,000 on Tyson to win \$2,000. This guy figured he's going to put up \$54K and pick up \$56K a minute after the fight started. So I changed the price. I went from 27–1 to 31–1. Next guy bet \$93,000 to win \$3,000 at 31–1. Naturally, every newspaper started to call. We had something that was going to draw a lot of attention. So more money came in. People thought it was like, "Come pick up your money in a couple hours." It got to 42–1 if you wanted to bet on Tyson.

MERCHANT: There was more discussion of Tyson's next fight than of this fight. This was just a tune-up. They thought they'd make a quick buck here en route to fighting Holyfield.

MAY: The brazenness of the promoters. Even Donald Trump was there. To fly all the way out there to announce the Holyfield-Tyson fight was hilarious. And it wasn't "Holyfield vs the winner of Tyson-Douglas," it was, "Mike Tyson will fight Evander Holyfield after he beats Buster Douglas in a round and a half." I asked manager Shelly Finkel and promoter Dan Duva the day before the Buster fight, "Well, what happens if Buster beats Tyson?" They go, "Oh, that'll never happen," and they start laughing.

HOLYFIELD: The contract was all worked out for June, how much money I would make and how much money Tyson would make. I was guaranteed \$15 million, and I think it was \$20 million or \$25 million for Tyson. I was in Tokyo because the press conference after the fight would be the first opportunity to announce it. But Buster Douglas stepped in the way.

III. SHOCK AND AWE

RUSSELL: I wrapped Buster's hands in the dressing room, and he was calm as hell. I put the gloves on him, I put on the mitts, and when I warmed him up, I could feel it. I've been working with fighters all my life, and I could feel how good he was.

DOUGLAS: I was cool, calm and collected. I was no fucking worries. You can't perform like I did and be doubting yourself.

OCTAVIO MEYRÁN, referee: Five minutes before the start of the fight, [World Boxing Council president] José Sulaimán spoke to me, with a witness from Mexico too, Joaquín Badillo, a personal friend of Sulaimán's. As

we walked from the dressing rooms to the ring, Sulaimán took my shoulder and he told me, "If you see Tyson hurt, be nice with him. If you see Douglas hurt, stop the fight immediately." I said, "I'll never do that. I'm an honest man and I never do that." Then he told me, "Okay, go out to the ring and do your job the best you can do."

MAURICIO SULAIMÁN, son of José

Sulaimán: I was not there. My knowledge of what happened is secondhand, through my father, so it would be difficult to address such a comment, because my father has passed away. I think my father has a tremendous legacy, an honorable reputation that was never tarnished whatsoever. So I find this very disappointing, to hear this for the first time in my life from Mr. Meyrán when my father cannot defend himself. My father always met with the ring officials before the fight to discuss concentration, to discuss the rules, to discuss scoring criteria. After 38 years of precedent, nobody could step up and prove one single act of corruption of my father. I find it humiliating to have any comment that would tarnish the image of my father. But only the two of them would know if they spoke.

MERCHANT: One of the things that stood out before the fight was how Douglas trotted to the ring. Most guys are not running to fight Mike Tyson, or anybody else for that matter. And this guy is trotting toward the ring. It turned out to be revealing in its way, as part of the whole narrative.

TRUMP: It was the weirdest fight I've ever seen in my life, because it started in the morning, and the Japanese were a different kind of audience. The applause is very polite. I've never seen anything quite like it. I was watching an audience that was so calm and so beautiful in a certain way – everybody was dressed nicely, everybody was polite, there's no heckling, no nothing. It was a surreal experience.

SNOWELL: I always say it was so quiet you could hear a rat piss on cotton. The crowd didn't know how to react.

MERCHANT: They came to see Godzilla, and the wrong guy is Godzilla. And rather than be excited for the underdog, it was like they were depressed because they had come into the wrong movie.

LAMPLEY: It was so quiet you could hear the slapping of their shoe soles on the canvas as they moved around. It was so quiet we wound up delivering our commentary in hushed tones, very similar to the way you would cover a golf tournament. We were almost whispering.

TRUMP: From the opening bell Buster Douglas was phenomenal. His left jab was like a steam piston. He reminded me of Larry

Holmes in his prime. That night he looked like Joe Louis would have been no problem for him.

DOUGLAS: I wasn't throwing no bullshit jabs. My left hand was just as hard as my right hand. My jab was better than Larry Holmes's, way better. I was putting people to sleep with my jab. I was slipping and throwing. I was busy. I was really letting my hands go.

LAMPLEY: From the first minute of the fight, Buster is landing at will, and it's almost impossible to know what to say, because Mike's getting his ass handed to him! Larry Merchant was surprised, Ray Leonard was surprised, I was surprised, but you couldn't miss what you were seeing. We weren't imagining things. It was right there.

TRUMP: Buster Douglas was beating the hell out of Mike, and I looked at Don King and said, "Don, what the hell is going on here?"

TYSON: He threw good punches, but he didn't have a devastating punch. He never had me hurt until the very end of the fight. I knew at any moment I was going to hit him and probably he'd be going down or something.

MAY: In the fifth round, Dan Duva gets up, and he's walking up and down the aisle right next to me, smoking a cigarette. I think it was nonsmoking in there, but he's smoking a cigarette. He's like, "I can't believe this!" I wanted to jump up in his face like, "I tried to tell you!"

LAMPLEY: By the middle rounds Mike's eye is swelling, and his corner is completely unprepared for that.

MAY: They didn't even have a stop-swell, so they filled a condom with ice and water and were gonna try to use that. One of the funniest-looking things you ever saw.

LAMPLEY: I looked at Ray Leonard, and he was about to fall off his chair. Ray's mind was blown. They were as screwed up as they could possibly be.

SNOWELL: A cutman was paid, Taylor Smith. He didn't have the equipment. As a trainer, when someone doesn't have their equipment with them, what do you do? You have to make a call from the line of scrimmage. And what was used was a rubber glove and the ice from the bucket, and it's the same thing – something cold.

TYSON: I don't think the eye was much of a problem. Look, my corner was a piece of junk, but it doesn't depend on my corner. It depends on me. It was really my fault. I'm the fighter. Them not having an Enswell made absolutely no difference.

SNOWELL: If he didn't have the Enswell, that's my responsibility. I'm the head trainer. I can take that. But the fight wouldn't have gone any differently with an Enswell. Buster was just on the top of his game. He fought the fight of his life.

DOUGLAS: I was like, Yeah, baby, this is easy. Your ass is mine! And then he knocked me down, because I started thinking about shit. I got overconfident. And that's how dangerous Mike was – that fuckin' tenth of a second of thought, and *pow!*

LAMPLEY: He lands that uppercut and knocks Buster down at the end of the eighth round, and I'm kind of thinking, Buster is not going to beat the count.

MAY: If you've ever seen Tyson from behind, you know he was built to throw the uppercut with gusto. And Buster got overconfident there in the eighth round, and *boom!* I thought he'd blown it. Who gets up from a Tyson uppercut?

"When I was active enough, the machine was oiled, and it was really hard to beat me... Once I got involved with guys like Don, they weren't keeping me busy enough. And since I wasn't busy enough, I started doing other stuff, getting involved with women I should not have gotten involved with." – Tyson

DOUGLAS: The first thing I did was a little system check. I didn't feel hurt. The punch was a forceful punch, but it didn't have any negative effect on me other than knocking me down.

HOLYFIELD: You could see that Buster wasn't hurt that bad. He was frustrated. He hit the canvas and got up.

MCCAULEY: Tyson could never hit him twice, and that was the key. If he got two in a row on the head, it would have been big trouble for Buster or anybody else.

TYSON: As you know, that was like a 15-second, 16-second count. I'm not really crying over spilled milk, because whatever happened happened, but I really got suckered out of that one. They really got me good. You don't need me to tell you it was a slow count. If you're capable of counting, you can count and find out if it was a slow count.

MEYRÁN: When Douglas was down on the canvas, I put my fingers in front of his face and make my usual count, and he got up. If you see the fight, the counts for Tyson and for Douglas are exactly the same. It's a 10 count, not 10 seconds. We don't have a watch in our hands.

SULAIMÁN: I believe the mechanics of the count were incorrect. The fact is when Douglas was down, the guidelines instruct that the first thing the referee does is make sure the fighter goes to the neutral corner.

After he does that, he takes the count from the timekeeper and goes on with that count. And that's where the major controversy was created – the TV views clearly show that Meyrán started at one when the timekeeper was already at four or five.

SNOWELL: To my view, Mike really won the fight. It was two fights. He threw a punch that bailed him out, and the error of the referee, he messed up. I don't think Buster would have beaten the count if it was a correct count.

TYSON: I'm sure the ref was biased against me. Everybody was biased against me back then. I was like the Floyd Mayweather of back then, pretty arrogant and stuff and saying what was on my mind without having a filter.

RUSSELL: I like Mike. I really do. I think he's a good guy. But if I ever see him, the first thing I'm going to say is, "Hey, Mike, you don't count one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine. You count one thousand one, one thousand two." He says Buster got a long count. That's bullshit.

DOUGLAS: His count was longer than mine.

What the fuck is he talking about? Come on. That's silly. That just don't make no sense. He can say whatever, man. He got tore the fuck up.

TYSON: I went to get him, but then the bell rang, *ding*, right as I went to go for him. If that knockdown had come with 30 seconds to go in the round, I'd like to believe I would have finished him. I'd like to believe that. But I can't say for sure.

MERCHANT: It looked like it could have been the beginning of the end for Douglas. You didn't know it was the beginning of the end for Tyson.

IV. BEGINNING AND END

SHERIDAN: The biggest shock to me was the manner in which Buster Douglas was able to absorb the punishment he took in the eighth round and come back out and have such a great ninth round. That was extraordinary. Nobody had ever done that against Mike Tyson, get knocked down and come back.

JOHNSON: When the ninth round started, Mike came out and fuckin' nailed him. Then shortly thereafter, Buster got him pinned up against the ropes and annihilated him. He hit him with what we call the stick, a straight left hand, that would have knocked him into

about the third or fourth fuckin' row if it hadn't been for the ropes.

MAY: The ninth round was as great a round of heavyweight boxing as I have ever seen. I get goose bumps now just thinking about it.

JOHNSON: Buster went out in the 10th round, and he made that step over to the right and caught him with an uppercut, missed him with a hook, brushed him with a right hand, and Mike started down and Buster threw a straight left back up the middle, and he just followed Mike and drove him into the canvas.

DOUGLAS: Those punches were some of the best punches I ever landed, that four-piece. It started with a great uppercut, and then I kept punching and drove him into the ground. Like my father always said, "You just keep punching until they're not there."

RUSSELL: When he hit him with the uppercut, I swear to God, I thought he knocked his head off! You could hear it, it was like a frickin' sledgehammer.

DOUGLAS: I expected him to get up. But then when I saw him on all fours, fumbling around for that mouthpiece, that's when I knew it was over.

TYSON: I don't remember much. I was in a fog.

SNOWELL: I went into the ring to get Mike. He was up on his feet. He said, "What happened?" I said, "Look, you got knocked out." I just grabbed him and hugged him and said, "You'll be all right." I said, "Now you learn."

TYSON: I'm okay with watching replays of the knockout. That happened. I knocked out a lot of guys, so it's only right for me.

DOUGLAS: The idea that Tyson wasn't at his best and that's why I beat him – I think he was pretty close to being pretty damned good, because that shit I was landing on him in the 10th was the same shit I was landing on him in the first round. And he was taking it pretty damn good then. So he was ready. That was a beatdown. He got beat up. I was like, "As long as you want to take it, I'm gonna give it to you."

JOHNSON: Did he overlook Buster Douglas? Absolutely. But if you know anything about boxing and how strenuous it is, to take the ass-whipping that he took for 30 minutes, what kind of fuckin' shape do you have to be in? You gotta be fuckin' Superman. Fuck anyone who says that – he was in great fuckin' shape. Aaron Snowell said he was in the best shape.

SNOWELL: Mike wasn't in superior shape, but he was in condition. Because you can't take them shots that he took, not being in some kind of condition.

MERCHANT: I just think it's an alibi. He was in reasonable shape. I had heard that he'd

blown up to 250 or 260 or something – but that's on him! If he had amateurs in his corner, that's on him! That's not an excuse. That's just a revelation of his commitment and his character as an athlete. I'm not sure how much he trained or not. But from the way he fought the fight, he didn't look to me in terrible condition. I think it was, at the very least, exaggerated because of the shock of the outcome and because people wanted to believe he was invincible.

LAMPLEY: It's the most memorable fight I've ever called. It's the most important fight I've ever called.

JOHNSON: In the interview at the end of the fight, Larry Merchant said, "Buster, why were you able to do what no man was ever able to do and beat Mike Tyson?" And Buster said, "Because of my mom." And he looked up in the air, and he looked back, and he said, "God bless her heart."

DOUGLAS: Everything had built up inside, and finally, during the interview, I was letting that out. It hit me.

MERCHANT: When people ask, I always tell them that's the best interview I ever did, having the sense at that moment to let it play.

SHERIDAN: I don't know if there was any other night in history that Buster Douglas could have done what he did. Everything was lined up for him, and everything was lined up against Mike Tyson.

TYSON: If it hadn't been Buster Douglas, it would have been someone else. I wasn't working on my fight game too much then. If I'd fought Holyfield in the fall, he would have beaten me, absolutely.

DOUGLAS: I'm sure somebody would have gotten to Tyson soon if I hadn't. But I took advantage of my opportunity. That's all.

V. CONTROVERSY AND JUSTICE

RUSSELL: After the fight, when we were still in the ring, I was looking for King. That son of a bitch didn't even use the steps; he climbed right up on the apron, and he was like a maniac. I said, "I told you, Don!" He looked at me and said, "Get the fuck away from me. I'm protesting!"

MEYRÁN: Don King was very angry. I don't know how else I can tell you. The face of Don King was like a monster. José Sulaimán was very angry too.

DOUGLAS: Maybe an hour and a half after the fight, I heard they were having a meeting. Don was protesting the fight, the long count and all that. I thought that was such coward shit right there. They were whining, whining. Still today, whining.

MERCHANT: This is just a case of people trying to win outside of the ring what they couldn't win inside of the ring.

SHERIDAN: It was the genius of Don King, trying to intimidate the WBC into making it a no-contest so they would have had to do it again and Mike would have retained his title.

MAY: There was a fight between two sportswriters at the press conference predicated over whether to give Tyson the belt back. They started scuffling and had to be broken apart.

MEYRÁN: At the press conference, Tyson was to my left, then me, José Sulaimán and Don King. And Sulaimán, with his elbow, nudged me two, three times, to answer to the press, say no, say no, say yes. Some people told me they would cancel my plane ticket back to Mexico.

SULAIMÁN: After the fight, the Japan Boxing Commission instituted a formal request of review. It was not the World Boxing Council ordering the review. Don King made a protest, and the commission, which is the local authority, proceeded to accept the protest and to make the review. There was a meeting at the Tokyo Dome, and Meyrán spoke. The commission presented the dispute and the tape was reviewed. Then the WBC called for the WBC board of governors to meet to have a final resolution.

TYSON: You know, Don King's going to try to do anything he can to get ahead in the situation. That's the hustle of the game, and I understood that. I wasn't sure if it was going to work. I was hoping that it did, though.

MAY: It was professional boxing and Don King was involved, so anything was possible. And José Sulaimán was there, and he seemed interested in making sure justice was done. [laughs]

SULAIMÁN: The final resolution was to recognize Buster Douglas as the champion.

MEYRÁN: That was the first time in my career anything like this happened. And then, my career is over. José Sulaimán and the rest of the WBC team never called me again.

SULAIMÁN: Octavio Meyrán was present in the appeal of the fight, and he spoke. He said he made a mistake. And then I guess he thought about it during the flight. He arrived back in Mexico and he became very defensive and aggressive about the topic. He took a personal position against the WBC, or not to be with the WBC. So it is not that he was discriminated against or put aside. It is more that after that big controversy, he just went to a different path.

MCCAULEY: When it was all over and done with, I'm glad Don King protested. He got his own self in trouble by protesting the result and taking us to court, because his contract with us read that he had to have Buster's best

interests at heart at all times. How can you do that when you file paperwork claiming Mike Tyson beat him? That's how we got out of our contract with him. So I'm glad he protested. Otherwise we'd still be paying him money. [laughs]

MAY: Things got settled. I think there were a couple million dollars involved. Buster got free and clear, sort of – you always use “sort of” with Don King.

TYSON: When I got home from Tokyo, a lot of pressure was released off me, that I was no longer the champion. It was a relief. People didn't look at me as

invincible anymore. I became more human after that, and that's absolutely a good thing. People realized, This is a human being. He has a heart. He's somebody's child. He's not the monster he appeared to be. A lot of people cried when I lost. But it's not like the people around me turned their backs on me. I still had a lot of friends, because I still had a lot of money. They only leave when you don't have no more money.

VI. BUSTED AND BROKEN

DOUGLAS: We were prepared for the fight, but we weren't prepared for the aftermath of winning the fight. That's where we got swallowed up, because they come out, man. Hangers-on.

RUSSELL: I went with him to Vegas a couple of times, and we should never have done that. It was pandemonium, man. He was a fuckin' hero. I told him, “Hanging around with you now is like hanging around with the Beatles and Michael Jackson.”

MCCAULEY: He wasn't getting the work done. It was nothing like the Tyson camp. I was mad at him, but he didn't want to hear my mouth. I was going to make him do things the right way. He was looking for the wrong way.

RUSSELL: It was a nightmare. Everybody was fighting, and everybody was looking to buy fuckin' houses and smoking fuckin' pot instead of worrying about the fuckin' fighter. I talked to him a few weeks before the Holyfield fight, and I said, “Let me call the fight off. Let me postpone.” He goes, “No, I want to go ahead with it.” Look, the payday was huge. At that time, it was the largest purse in the history of sports. I talked to Buster about canceling it, but I mean, if I was in his shoes, I wouldn't have either.

MCCAULEY: He was guaranteed all that money. All you got to do is answer the bell, hear it go *ding*, and it's your money. We knew Buster could get lazy. So once he got his hands on all that money, he got lazy.

DOUGLAS: The money had nothing to do with it. It was just, man, come on, I went from being nonexistent to the world heavyweight champion, and everybody wants your attention. It's an adjustment,

“Tyson was considered totally invincible at that time... He'd snarl around the ring before the fights and push his gloves back to try to get as much knuckle into his gloves as possible. I can't think of anybody else who was that intimidating.” – Sheridan

man.

TRUMP: The problem with Buster Douglas is he absolutely let himself go to hell. He was a very talented fighter who could have been the champion for a while. And instead he fought the wrong guy. He fought a man named Evander Holyfield, who is the most underrated boxer there is. And Buster Douglas got blown out.

HOLYFIELD: Of course, when I beat Buster they said, “You ain't no real champ. You didn't beat Mike!” I said, “Yeah, but I just beat the guy that beat him.”

RUSSELL: Buster never recovered from the Holyfield loss. It just ate him up, because he knew he was better than that. He was just killing himself. He was drinking and eating himself to death. Him and his dad were training a kid and they called me to come to Atlantic City to work his corner. When I saw James, I didn't fuckin' recognize him. He was about 400 pounds.

DOUGLAS: I was depressed.

RUSSELL: I went down to Florida and said, “I'm gonna get you back into shape.” I remember us going to the park, and he couldn't fuckin' run. I didn't go down there for him to fight. I just went down there to try to save his life. One day I took him to the gym. I could hardly get his headgear on him, he was so big. We sparred with a guy, and I saw he still had it a little bit. I started getting him in shape, and that was the start of his comeback.

DOUGLAS: That comeback, that was just so I could go back and do it right. That was about wanting to end my career on a better note.

RUSSELL: If we would have beat Lou Savarese in 1998, we had the rematch with Tyson for good money.

TYSON: Lou Savarese knocked him out in one round. That was the end of him.

MERCHANT: I don't think people will remember anything else about Buster

Douglas except the Tyson fight. I guess you could say that, to the public, Douglas is like the guys who assassinated presidents. He's Lee Harvey Oswald or John Wilkes Booth.

TRUMP: What Buster Douglas did was take the mystique away from Mike Tyson. Just totally took the mystique.

LAMPLEY: I love Mike, but I have said this to him myself: He's the most overrated heavyweight champion of all time. And he

has said to me that he sees the argument. He does not argue the point, because he's a student of boxing history, and frankly at this point he's more interested in giving

credit to other people. It's not a denigration of Mike. It's just a statement on how the audience responded to those knockouts and had overblown in their own minds the significance of his knocking out Michael Spinks and Carl “the Truth” Williams in 91 or 95 seconds.

LAYDEN: I think our memory of Tyson is shaded by everything that happened from 1990 on. To the casual observer, he's not this guy who for four years was one of the greatest fighters who ever lived. He's a guy who went to prison and whose life became this horror show.

TYSON: Since I lost to Buster, I went to prison for three years, came back, became champion again twice, and I just keep overcoming adversities, you know? A man is not defined by his sporting events; he's defined by how he lives his life. My boxing career is like a blur, like it never existed. Taking care of my kids, paying bills, paying taxes, paying tuitions for school, that's just what it all comes down to now.

LAYDEN: I honestly didn't think he'd ever get to this place. At any point after the Douglas loss, if you had been told that Tyson was dead of a drug overdose or a car accident or some violent episode, would you have been surprised?

ROONEY: He seems to be in a good place now, and I am truly happy for him.

DOUGLAS: He really pulled it together, no doubt. I'm definitely happy for him. That's really cool, what he's doing and what he's achieved.

TYSON: It's not life in the slow lane; it's life in the catatonic lane. I never wanted to be an average guy, an average joe. All my life I fought against being an average joe. I guess that's just what it was supposed to be. I'd rather have a few people who love and care about me than have a thousand people around me who don't really care about me. ♡





Afternoon Delight

PHOTOGRAPHY BY WILFRIED WULFF

POOLSIDE AND SUNBAKED WITH SEDUCTRESS SARAH DOMKE

Everyone knows the song: "Gonna find my baby, gonna hold her tight / Gonna grab some afternoon delight..." With all due respect to the Starland Vocal Band, who recorded the 1976 hit, the tune's success is due more to the erotic fantasy it evokes than to its musical genius. Here we've created the ultimate afternoon delight fantasy. The model: Sarah Domke of Germany. The location: a private pool in Greece. You can imagine the rest of this narrative yourself. "Skyrockets in flight..."

















PAUL SMITH CHAIRS

KICK BACK IN STYLE WITH
THESE FUNKY NEW DESIGNS.





The Kama Sutra has at least 27 different positions or maneuvers that would work best with a good chair involved. And that is a script that was written and has stood the test of time millennia before chairs become foldable, collapsible or inflatable.

Short from your bed and your mobile phone, both of which are in intimate contact with your



body at least 40 hours plus per week, the chair is the most intimate artifact in our lives. Molded for our comfort, shaped to the contours of our body – even more so than our beds and cells. So, even though the most practical among us look at chairs as mere objects of functionality, the sensual and aesthetic possibilities have not escaped the eye of one of the world's premier designers, Paul Smith.

To celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the birth of renowned Danish designer Hans J Wegner, Paul Smith and Maharam collaborated with Carl Hansen & Søn – the world's largest manufacturer of furniture designed by Hans J Wegner – on a limited edition collection of some of Wegner's most iconic works.

With a pioneering and creative Modernist aesthetic, Wegner is best known for his idiosyncratic chair designs, such as the Wishbone Chair. Created in 1950, this piece, with its characteristic Y-shaped back support, became one of his greatest successes. Other definitive designs include the three-legged Shell Chair, the minimalist CH28, the CH163 sofa and

contemporary classic, the Wing Chair.

Paul Smith has personally selected his favorite classic Hans J Wegner pieces to launch a capsule collection that gives the designs an injection of vibrancy, upholstered in "Big Stripe" and new colors of "Stripes" by Paul Smith. These two worsted wool textiles explore stripes at dramatically different scales, conveying Paul Smith's imaginative approach to color and proportion.

The collection was presented at the Paul

Smith Milan shop last year during the Salone del Mobile, as well as at Carl Hansen & Søn's booth at the fair and its city center showroom. A touring exhibition also visited Tokyo, New York and London. The pieces are now available at selected Paul Smith shops worldwide, while the textiles are available in Europe through Kvadrat. For the discerning man-cave owner, be sure to bring some color and stripes into your life of sensuality. Maybe there is a number 28 in the wings? 🐣



PLAYBOY CLASSIC





ALONG FOR THE RIDE

**Come with us back to 1984 as we
revisit the work of photographer
Richard Fegley and the day he
spent with Playmates Suzi Schott,
Julie McCullough and Devin
Devasquez to create the sexiest
shoot on two wheels.**









ADVISOR

Send your questions to advisor@playboy.co.za. We'll get the best in the field to give you some great advice...

I'm a monogamous man and have been in a faithful relationship for the past eight months with an openly bisexual woman. Recently she admitted that her fantasy was to have a threesome with a guy and a girl, and she wanted me to be the guy. I won't lie – I was flattered. But I was also hesitant and didn't think I could go through with it. She really wanted to and assured me it wouldn't be cheating and I'd enjoy it, so I decided to go along with the threesome. She brought a very beautiful friend of hers into our bed for an evening. Now the problem is my girlfriend wants this woman to join our relationship, making it a **ménage à trois****. I don't know if I'm ready for something like that. After the three of us had made love, my girlfriend complained that I'd gone down on the other woman twice and had fucked her one more time than I had my girlfriend. We both like the woman, but I'm afraid adding her to our relationship will drive a wedge between us. I think I love my girlfriend, but she's already showing signs of jealousy. I worry that if the three of us commit to one another, things could get really complicated. I don't want to lose either of them. What should I do?**

Many men dream of having a three-way, but your story is one of the numerous cautionary tales we've heard about the fallout from an ongoing ****ménage à trois**** – particularly how it can negatively impact a long-term relationship. When you have a three-way, you get more than three-way sex; you also get three-way resentment, three-way jealousy, three-way differences of opinion, three-way split attention. You should share your concerns with your girlfriend. Tell her you don't want to lose her because of the introduction of a third person. If she doesn't mind risking that, you need to ask yourself what you're willing to accept from this relationship and decide if it's the right one (or two) for you.

How long is it okay to keep a cigar outside of a humidor before lighting it up? Is there a better way to preserve it than a ziplock bag?

Ideally less than an hour, as a cigar instantly begins to lose moisture in a dry climate. Immediately transferring a cigar to a metal tube can buy you a day of freshness. You can also buy cigars from a smoke shop in factory-sealed glass tubes. All of these are elegant and effective alternatives to the plastic sandwich bag. If you're going on a trip, you can get a decent dopp-kit-size travel humidor for around 30 bucks.

Is there such a thing as an anti-fetish? By that I mean something most people find attractive and sexy, or at the very least innocuous, that has the opposite effect on other folks? For me it's high heels. I can't stand them. Any other type of footwear – sandals, boots, flats – or no footwear at all is fine with me. But when I see a woman in heels, whether it's on the street, on TV or in your magazine, I immediately lose interest. A good percentage of the porn out there does nothing for me because of the prevalence of heels in many of the scenes.

Strippers? Forget about it. The biggest problem is that I don't understand what's behind my dislike. Have you ever heard of something like this?

Of course. It's called a turnoff. The possible reasons for your aversion are numerous: Maybe you subconsciously see spiky heels as a potential castrating weapon – a sort of footwear version of the vagina dentate. Maybe the added height they give a woman is threatening to your manhood. Maybe you suffered some early-childhood trauma at the hands of a woman in high heels. Maybe you have good taste in shoes and can tell that the high heels in most porn are cheap and tacky. But the important thing is you know what you like. Just don't be a jerk and share your distaste with a woman in heels – try to see her for who she is, not what she wears. If it weren't for male shoe fetishists and porn producers, it's unlikely any woman would wear high heels in bed.

My husband and I have been married for 12 years. If we go more than two days without having sex, he starts what I call "the countdown," announcing how many days it has been. I enjoy sex but not every day or even every other day. He is also an octopus – he won't keep his hands off me, even when I'm asleep. After he wakes me up, he acts as though he doesn't know why I'm angry. He also talks dirty to me all the time. I appreciate that he wants me, but it's getting on my nerves. Do you have any advice?

You can change this situation in 10 minutes a day. When your husband begins the countdown, fondles you, talks dirty, feels you up in bed or makes any indication he is fantasizing about you, give him a hand job. No excuses, no exceptions. This will quiet him down. Consider his plight: He feels horny (for you – that's not a situation to "appreciate" but to celebrate), but nine times out of 10 he is frustrated. He can masturbate, but that's almost like torture, given that he's living with a siren. All he can do is pursue the prize, even if his technique is clumsy. It will take five minutes (less if you enjoy yourself and/or talk dirty to him and lift your shirt), maybe twice a day, and it can take place anywhere in the house or elsewhere, depending on your taste for adventure. Also, when you feel horny and want a quickie or extended attention in return, he'll have no excuses. (We can already hear the objections from some readers that we're asking you to "service" your husband. Well, yes. Waiting until you're both in the mood isn't working. And if he's going to be serviced, who else would you prefer do it? This recommendation also applies when the woman has the higher sex drive.)

My wife and I recently started getting back into sex for the first time after the birth of our child. After the first couple of go-arounds she developed terrible urinary tract infections. What are we not doing correctly? Do I need to disinfect myself with Sanex and gargle peroxide?

To reduce the potential for infection, you could both bathe before sex. She should bathe afterward, urinate before and after sex and stay hydrated to flush out the urethra. If she is using a diaphragm, which can increase the chances of developing a UTI, try another form of birth control.

I fantasize about being dominated like a pony. My boyfriend doesn't quite get the fantasy, but he's game. Where do I start?

On all fours, we suppose (though human ponies can also stand). "Pony play" is a relatively common interest among the BDSM crowd, so it's not difficult to find a herd. Check out www.thehumanponyregistry.org, or pick up the essential guide ****The Human Pony: A Handbook for Owners, Trainers and Admirers,**** by Rebecca Wilcox. As your trainer, your boyfriend will need tack

(including bit, bridle, saddle, harness and reins) and a lead line. He can also make use of a whip, restraints, spurs, blinkers, a grooming brush and possibly a chastity belt "to prevent other animals from molesting the pony," as Wilcox puts it. A tail can be strapped on or attached to a butt plug. Shoes can be slipped into fake hooves for an authentic clop-clop sound. If you are a cart pony, you will need a cart. Once you have agreed on a safe word that will put a stop to the game if you become uncomfortable, sow your wild oats – and maybe eat some, if you're good.



ART IN THE CITY



Infecting the City, a public arts festival, returns to Cape Town from 9-14 March 2015 and we recommend you get out there and catch at least one of these performances.

The Cape Town CBD will yet again come to life as the eighth annual Infecting the City public arts festival brings new artworks out of theaters and galleries and into our public spaces. Infecting the City is presented by the Africa Centre, an international center for creativity, artistic excellence and intellectual engagement. Blending a mix of local, national and international artists, the 2015 program promises to offer wonder, beauty, provocation and, as always, the unexpected.

All events are free and accessible to all.

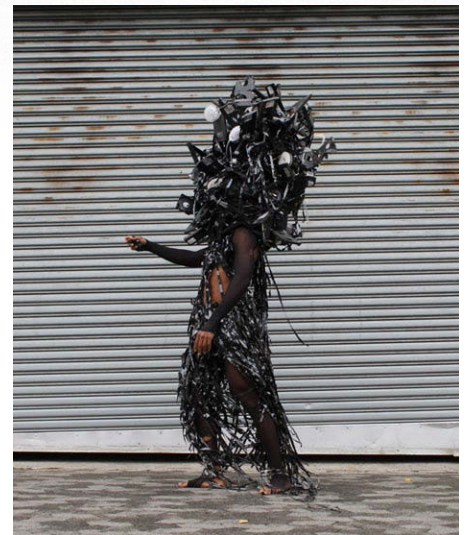
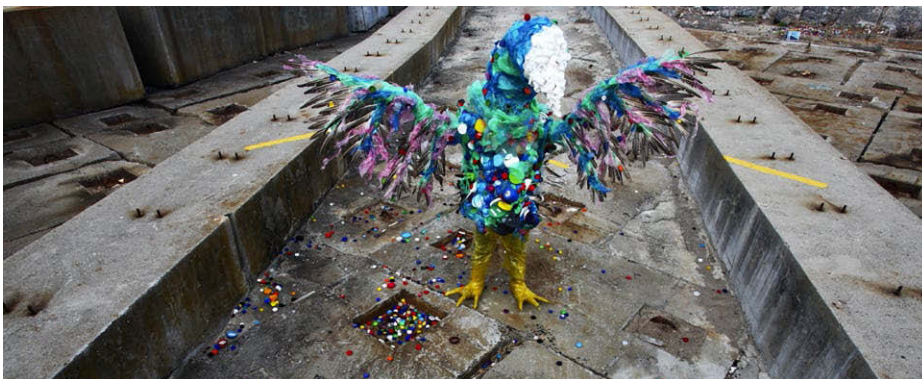
There are daytime and evening performances, and much of the Festival is designed as routes. This year, some of the routes are planned around hubs of activity – central spaces that are activated for the whole day with various installations, participatory artworks and performances. Beyond the scheduled performances, there are artworks that run throughout the Festival, as well as artworks that are mobile, without time or place, and that can only be experienced if stumbled upon.

CAPE MONGO

By Francois Knoetze

Program C: Strand Concourse Centre

Cape Mongo is an anti-fable regarding the mythologies of Cape Town's consumer culture. This counter-narrative takes shape through an amalgamation of sculptural, performative and video-montage processes, culminating in five films. Each film follows a different Mongo character as it journeys through urban spaces. By exploring the City's garbage and the multiple contexts these objects may have inhabited during their life cycles, Cape Mongo reflects on the current spatial, economic and political conditions of Cape Town. The project's aim is to redefine garbage as something inextricably linked to identity and that has inherent value, allowing for constant reorganization and redefinition. Camera and director of photography: Anton Scholtz and Catherine Trollope; sound design: B00N and Daniel Gray; VHS: Kaelo Molefe7 Cape Mongo by Anton Scholtz.



PRAYER TO THE NEW MOON

By New Moon Collective

Conceptualized by Craig Leo and Charles Standing

Program A: Castle of Good Hope
Inspired by the /Xam poem "Prayer to the New Moon" by Dia!kwain from *The Stars Say 'Tsau,'* adapted and selected by Antjie Krog

*New moon yonder
take my face thither and give me
thine hold my face yonder
and all things which upset me*
The sound of drums and trumpets fills the air as a ritual performance led by half-animal half-human stilted beings prepares the way. A creature emerges, heavy and pregnant. She is unruly and needs to be held back by tall mythical guardians and other creatures inspired by the /Xam mythology. She bucks and arches, reaching up to the sky... searching. When her time comes, she releases the moon into the night sky.



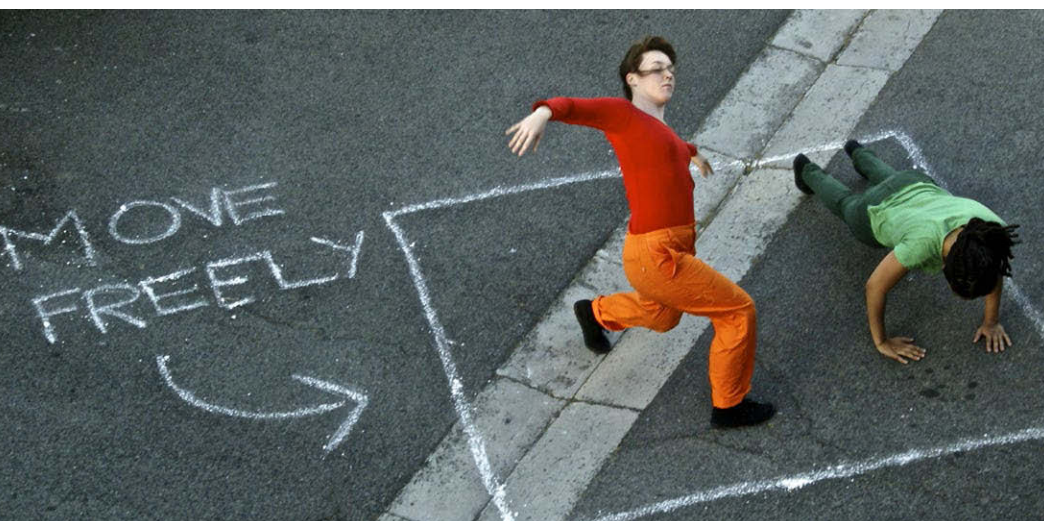
LIVING ROOM DANCERS

By Nicole Seiler

Program D: 6 Spin Street Restaurant

Dance is their passion; they devote much of their free time to it. "They" are the protagonists of "Living Room Dancers" – fervent individuals who practice tap-dancing, electro, salsa, tango, expressive dance, samba... In "Living Room Dancers," each dancer inhabits a private apartment that has been transformed into a dance-floor for the evening. These intimate moments are perceptible from street-level with the help of binoculars. A film presenting portraits of each of the dancers accompanies the work. The project challenges our perceptions of private and public spaces, while toying with our appetites for voyeurism and exhibitionism.

Lighting design: Muriel Imbach; film: Le Flair, Bastien Genoux; tour management: Michaël Monney; local production: Fiona du Plooy. Supported by: Pro Helvetia, Ville de Lausanne, État de Vaud, Loterie Romande and Fondation Leenaards.



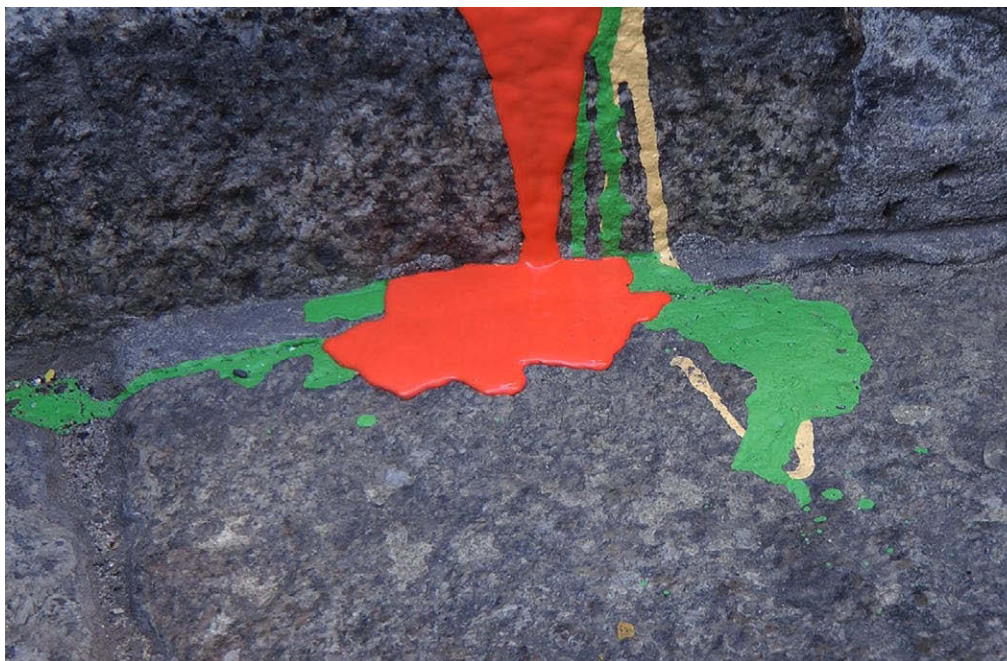
CHALK

By Nicola Elliott

Program E: Parliament St

"Chalk" explores the power and play of demarcation, disrupting the status quo by opposing the normative mode of physicality within a particular environment. Positioning bodies within the boundaries of straight, chalked, white lines usually suggests a game or sport; by framing something ordinary, it is elevated to the noteworthy. In "Chalk," a few players meet to have a "very ordinary" dance-game within the unstable demarcations of a shifting and busy section of the Cape Town CBD.

Performed by: Richard Antrobus, Julia de Rosenwerth, Adriana Jamisse and Kopano Maroga.



INFECTING THE CITY

By Wojciech Gilewicz

Program C: Strand Concourse Centre

This video piece, "Infecting The City," is a new artwork that incorporates footage of paint interventions realized during the 2014 Infecting The City Festival. Three forms of paint interventions: body painting, the splashing of paint, and "traditional" painting represent different ways of approaching the medium in an urban context. Interweaving and juxtaposing these images, the artist questions the diversity and complexity of art forms and audience reception – suggesting that although almost everything is acceptable in art, the social structure of life is the ***raison d'être*** for all art.

HUMBLE HEROES

By: Loyiso Damoyi

Program B: Artscape Theater Centre

"Humble Heroes" is an installation-performance, celebrating the lives of three iconic leaders who fought for freedom in our country. Employing poetry, dance and music, the performance is presented in the form of a ceremony and concludes with the Xhosa ritual of ***Ukubekwa kwelitye*** – the laying of stones next to the caskets. As part of a process of healing and remembrance, audience members are invited to participate and pay their respects to heroes Nelson Mandela, Chris Hani and Steve Biko. Composition: Nomakrestu Xakathugaga. Supported by: Artscape Theater Centre.



PICTURING THE CITY

By Jnr

Program E: Grand Central Centre Parkade

Picturing the City is a drawing project curated and facilitated by Jnr – a contemporary transitory art gallery in Cape Town. With the involvement of artists from across Cape Town's large, geographically divided and economically diverse population, Picturing the City will create a large-scale 360° panoramic view of Cape Town's city center. As well as providing viewers the opportunity to watch the process of drawing and depiction in progress, the tableau will later be exhibited as a panoramic landscape at Smith, 56 Church Street, Cape Town. Conceptualized by: Rose Mudge and James Kin 🐰

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PLAYMATE REVIEW

WHO WILL BE
CROWNED
PLAYMATE OF
THE YEAR?

2014

AFTER A SEASON of bad political behavior, isn't it comforting to know there's a fun election you can look forward to every year? Herewith, we present a review of the annual USA Playmate of the Year candidates. Read up on each of them, decide who your favorite is, and then wait and see which beauty will join the illustrious list of PMOYs. Check in with us on Facebook to see who it is.

SEE
MORE

WWW.BIT.LY/1EJGHOR

Miss
OCTOBER

ROXANNA
JUNE

"It's been a wild ride as Miss October 2014," says the Canadian American beauty. "I shot a TV segment with a few other Playmates and had a great time getting to know them. I'm beyond excited to continue working with PLAYBOY!"

Miss
DECEMBER

ELIZABETH OSTRANDER

"From being naked on my yacht to naked in PLAYBOY – wish list answered," wrote Miss December on her Data Sheet. Having sailed from San Francisco to Hawaii to Bora-Bora on an ocean quest, might Elizabeth's next port of call be right here as PMOY?

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Miss
MAY

DANI MATHERS

This endlessly effervescent bombshell has had roles in two movies and launched *Funny Bunny*, her own Playboy Radio chat fest. "Being a Playmate is what I've been waiting for all my life. Becoming PMOY would mean everything to me."



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MARCH 2015



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Miss
JUNE

JESSICA
ASHLEY

(Top)

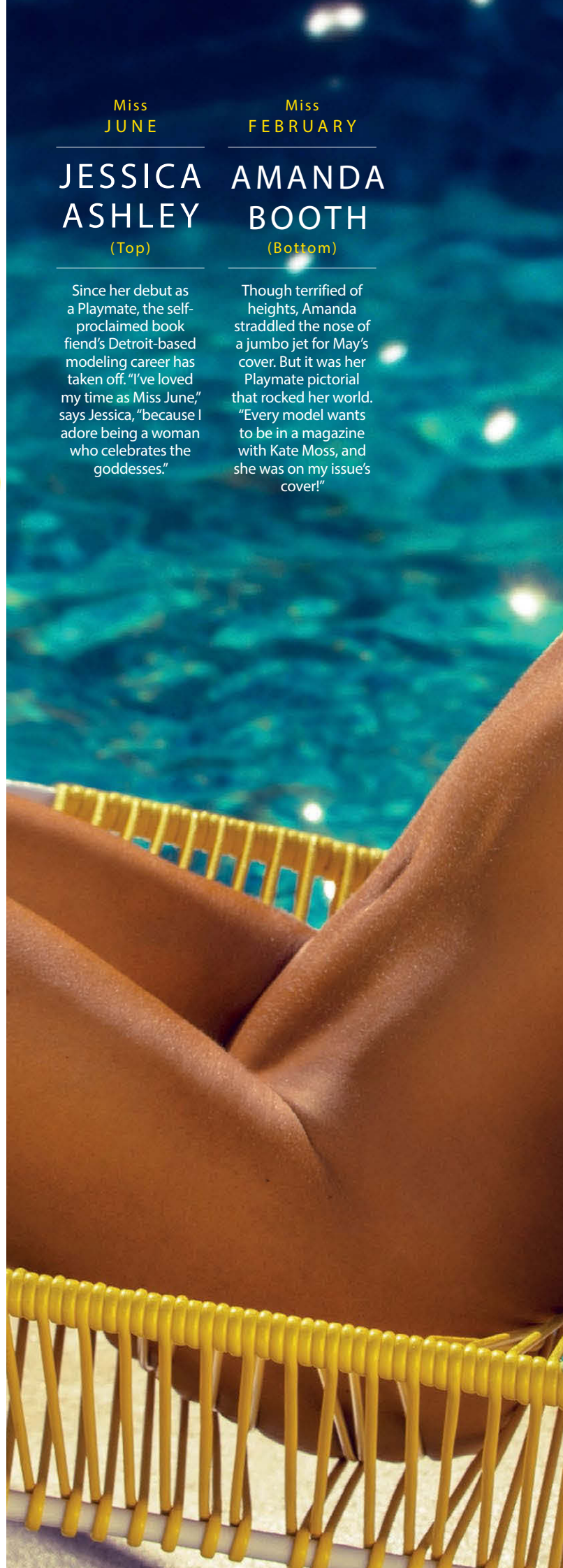
Since her debut as a Playmate, the self-proclaimed book fiend's Detroit-based modeling career has taken off. "I've loved my time as Miss June," says Jessica, "because I adore being a woman who celebrates the goddesses."

Miss
FEBRUARY

AMANDA
BOOTH

(Bottom)

Though terrified of heights, Amanda straddled the nose of a jumbo jet for May's cover. But it was her Playmate pictorial that rocked her world. "Every model wants to be in a magazine with Kate Moss, and she was on my issue's cover!"





Miss
NOVEMBER

GIA MARIE

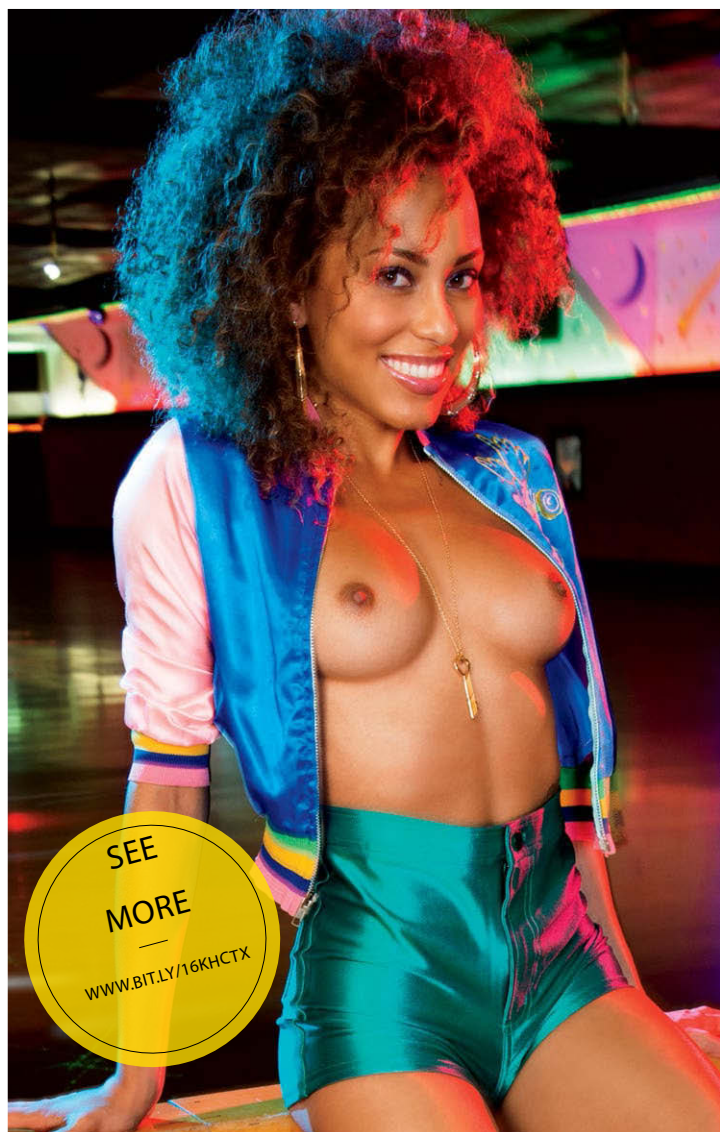
A top L.A. makeup artist, Gia Marie has prepped some of Hollywood's most beautiful faces. When she was discovered on Instagram, it was clear she belonged in front of the camera as a Playmate. "I'm so glad I took it off for PLAYBOY," she said.

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Miss
JULY

EMILY AGNES

(Top)

Emily Agnes flew from the U.K. to shoot her wild nude romp at Playboy's Beverly Hills headquarters. L.A. held her captive for a month as she fielded multiple film offers. "Everything's coming up roses," she says.

Miss
APRIL

SHANICE JORDYN

(Bottom left)

This Arizona State Sun Devil is living the Hollywood dream. "I've met so many people I never thought I would, like the Miami Heat's Danny Granger. He's a hero of mine. At the VMAs I sat behind Jay Z, Beyoncé and J. Lo. Crazy!"

Miss
JANUARY

ROOS VAN MONTFORT

(Bottom right)

The Dutch model posed au naturel with real-life wolves as our warrior-princess Playmate and lived to tell us about it. "Such a cool shoot," says Roos. "I not only surprised friends by doing it, I surprised myself too."

Miss
MARCH

BRITT LINN

• "I so appreciate PLAYBOY letting me be authentically me," says our first short-haired Playmate in more than 15 years. "Be who you are. I need to be PMOY to show the world you can be yourself and be accepted!"

SEE
MORE

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Miss
AUGUST

MAGGIE MAY

Whoa, this is classy, thought Maggie when she found herself lounging on a vintage Chris-Craft for her Playmate shoot. Still, the Kansas-born model admits, "I'm a bit shy about being naked." Clearly timidity can be overcome.

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Miss
SEPTEMBER

STEPHANIE BRANTON

"To have been both on the inside as a Playmate and on the cover of the same issue has been beyond a dream come true," says the Canadian beauty who has since modeled for Crystal Hefner's loungewear line.

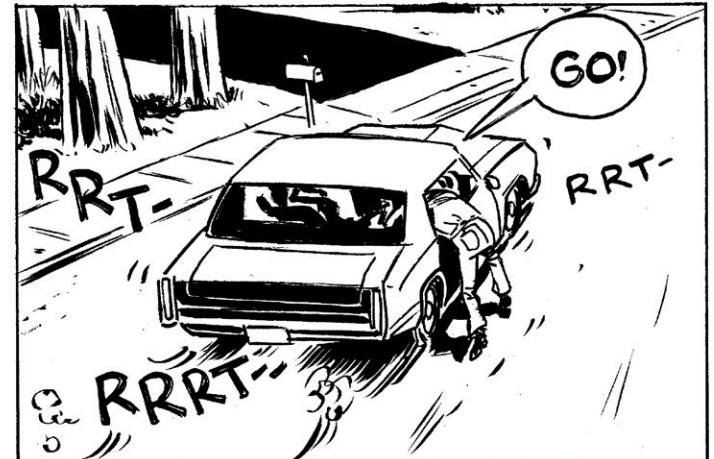
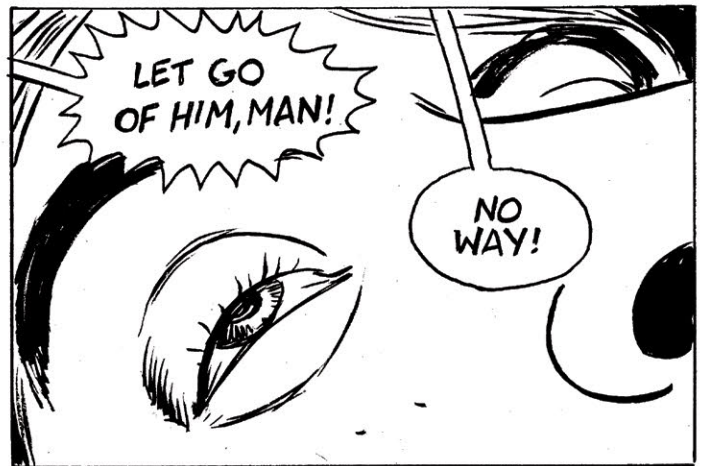
"It's all so surreal!"

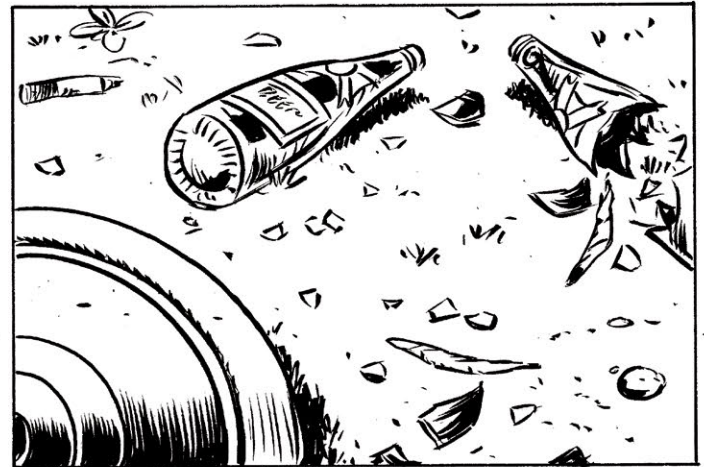
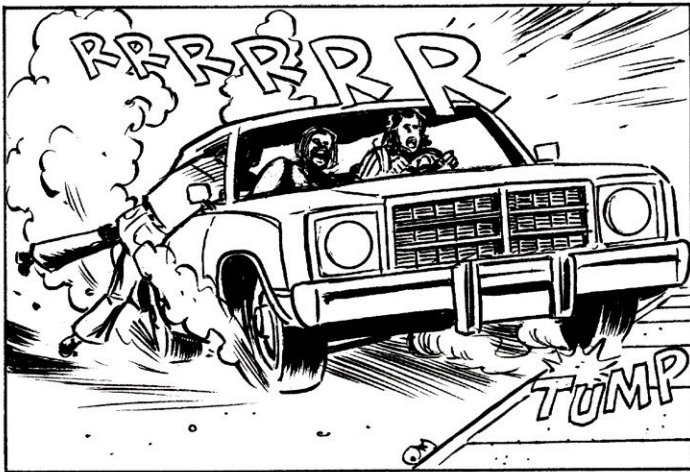
JUBILEE CITY

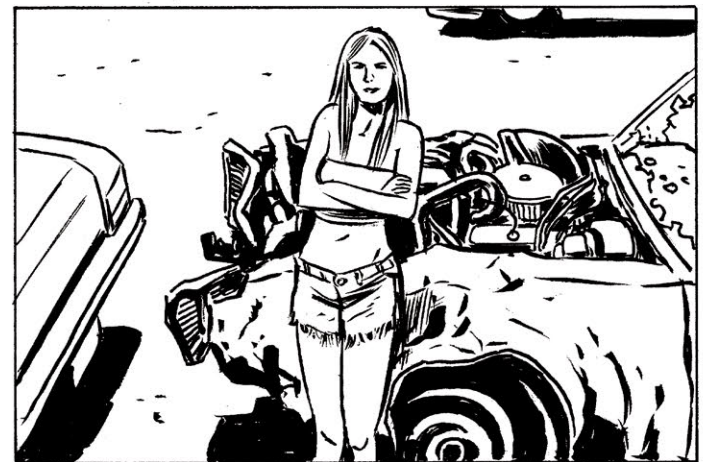
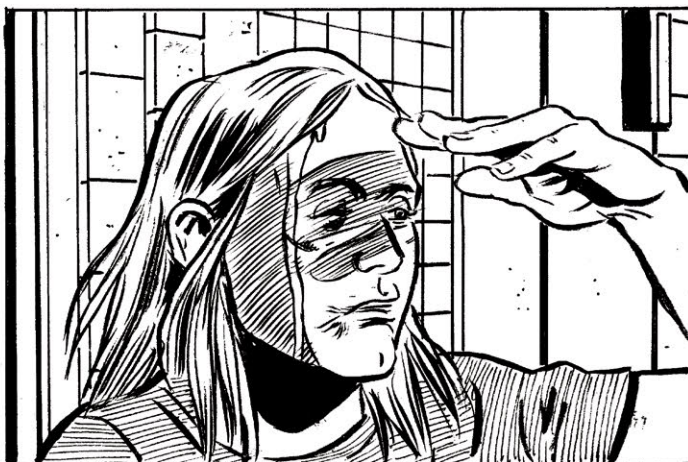
ARTIST JOE ANDOE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY, JUBILEE CITY, TRACES HIS JOURNEY FROM HELL-RAISING IN 1970s TULSA TO HAVING HIS WORK DISPLAYED IN THE WHITNEY AND THE MET. CARTOONIST DAVID LAPHAM PRESENTS AN ILLUSTRATED SNAPSHOT OF ANDOE'S WILD RIDE....

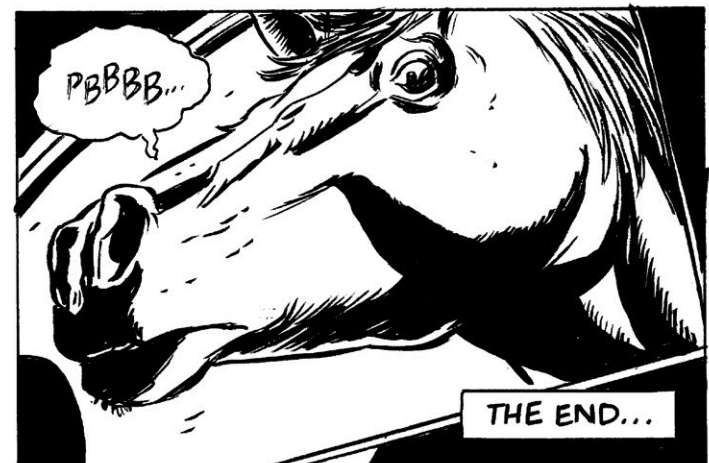












SEOUL POWER

BY JERALYN GERBA

WHERE TO GET DOWN IN SOUTH KOREA'S BOOMING METROPOLIS

They call Korea the Land of Morning Calm, but in Seoul it can feel anything but. The city is a sprawling futuristic landscape of glass towers, neon lights and luxury shopping malls, populated by millions. Markets are open all night, along with sloppy karaoke bars, wholesale shopping complexes and 24-hour saunas for rebalancing your chi.

1. The Ballys Business Hotel Park Hyatt Seoul

The best hotel in the city is the Park Hyatt Seoul, a Zen-like antidote to the video-game-worthy antics in the surrounding Gangnam neighborhood. The traditional hotel build is inverted here: The lobby is on the top floor, 24 stories up. Instead of a penthouse, it has an indoor infinity pool and sophisticated lobby lounge – both with insane views of the city.

2. Art Brag

Leeum, Samsung Museum of Art

With so much branding in commerce-obsessed Seoul, it's hard to keep track of what's what. Samsung and Hyundai dominate the naming game, but don't let that deter you from the institution at hand: The Leeum (A) is Korea's premier art museum. The complex of buildings (including a black concrete box by Rem Koolhaas) houses an impressive collection of Korean art, both old-world and brand-new. Caffeinate at nearby Kafé Nordic (B), a bright yellow burst of Scandinavian design sensibility.

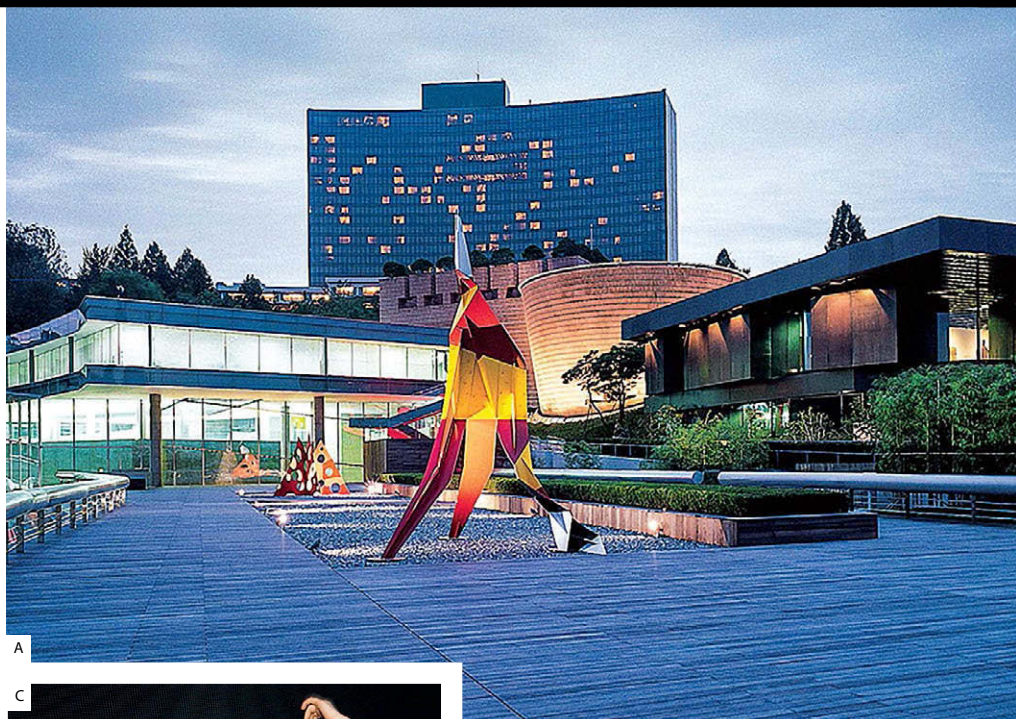
3. Blood on Your Hands

Noryangjin Fish Market

It helps if a local can haggle on your behalf at Noryangjin, a badass fish market where little



D



A



C

ladies in big rain boots manhandle exotic sea creatures. Use your best charades gestures to negotiate for king crab and salmon. A runner picks up your bounty and delivers it to the casual eatery upstairs, where you sit on the floor and wait for lunch to be prepared – sushi, sashimi and steamed crab with scissors (butcher as you please). Just when you think you're done, carcasses are cleared from the table, thrown into a pot and brought back to you as a bubbling fish stew. Tears of joy and spicy heat ensue. Order another round of ice-cold beer.

4. Shake Your Martini Maker

The Shilla Lounge

A heavy liquor tax makes imported booze wildly expensive, so make sure there's an element of showmanship and spectacle to every cocktail you order. At Seoul's somewhat tucked-away grand-dame Shilla hotel, the ingredients for a perfect martini are wheeled over to your seating area on a bar cart. A beautiful mixologist then very slowly and precisely measures, shakes or stirs the hell out of your gin and vermouth. It's well worth the price tag.

5. Night Crawl

Gwangjang Market

Gwangjang Market is the best place to overindulge

on pork and soju while making friends with drunk old men. Ajummas (hardworking Korean women) lord over the gritty makeshift stalls heaped with saucy meats, noodles and vegetables. Pull up a seat and point to mung bean pancakes, steamed dumplings, rice cakes and gimbap (addictive cigar-shaped sushi rolls stuffed with vegetables and meats).

6. Clublandia

Luxury Noraebang and Ellui

At some point in the evening, only two things seem reasonable: being the frontman of your own karaoke band at Luxury, a multistory *noraebang* (singing room) that appears to have been designed by a coke-addled decorator from Vegas, or hitting Ellui (D), a.k.a. Asia Multiplex Club, where bands, DJs, bar-top dancers, strobe lights and bizarro-world celebrities fight for your attention. In over-the-top Seoul, the proper decision is: Do both. 🍸



B

THE CATCHY, IRRITATING AND DOWNRIGHT WEIRD
WORLD OF YOUTUBE'S HOTTEST MUSIC PRODUCER

The video for Alison Gold's "Shush Up" begins with the pre-teen singer covered in gold glitter and wearing a gold lamé top and tiny shorts. She plays both a prison warden and a convict executed by electric chair before evaporating into a gold rain that falls on a dancing crowd as she shouts, "Crank it or just shush up!" over a clubby house beat.

video Gold's parents have commissioned from Patrice Wilson, the 35-year-old owner of PMW Live, a vanity production company that, for \$6,500, provides aspiring stars a custom-penned song, a music video, a photo shoot and promotion through the company's YouTube channel.

star and manager of an
air-conditioning-repair
company.

is why these days people fork over thousands in the hope that Wilson will make them – or their offspring – the next viral-video sensation.

puppets (3 million views). These videos are oddly lovable, even if the lines between ignorance, satire and self-awareness become a jumbled mess. At the very least, they have catchy hooks.

That doesn't mean they're all international hits. Wilson's YouTube channel is littered with sub-500,000-view duds, from tepid pop to love ballads to flavorless girl-group songs, none of them Grammy contenders. "I'm immune to critics now," he says. "I've heard everything. If people want Patrice, if they want Fat Usher, let's give it to them." 

FILMS

MUST SEE

THE THEORY OF EVERYTHING

FEBRUARY 23

Starring Eddie Redmayne (**Les Misérables**) and Felicity Jones (**The Amazing Spider-Man 2**), this is the extraordinary story of one of the world's greatest living minds, the renowned astrophysicist Stephen Hawking, who falls deeply in love with fellow Cambridge student Jane Wilde. Once a healthy, active young man, Hawking received an earth-shattering diagnosis at 21 years of age. With Jane fighting tirelessly by his side, Stephen embarks on his most ambitious scientific work, studying the very thing he now has precious little of: time. Together, they defy impossible odds, breaking new ground in medicine and science, and achieving more than they could ever have dreamed. The film is based on the memoir **Travelling to Infinity: My Life with Stephen,** by Jane Hawking, and is directed by Academy Award winner James Marsh (**Man on Wire**).



CHAPPIE

MARCH 13

In the near future, director Neill Blomkamp envisions society and crime being patrolled by an oppressive, mechanized police force. But, eventually, people fight back. When Chappie (Sharlto Copley), a police droid, is stolen and given new programming, he becomes the first robot with the ability to think and feel for himself. While Chappie puzzles out human behavior, the authorities begin to see Chappie as a danger to mankind and order; and they will stop at nothing to maintain the status quo and ensure that Chappie is the last of his kind.

www.facebook.com/sonymoviesza

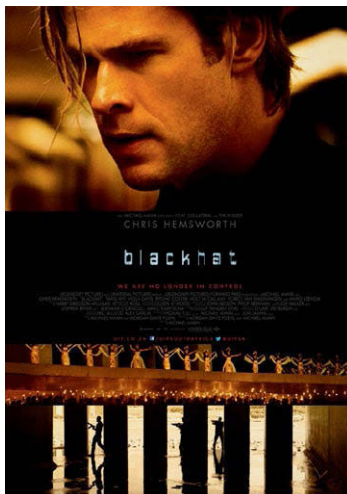


ACTION & HIGH STAKES

BLACKHAT

MARCH 6

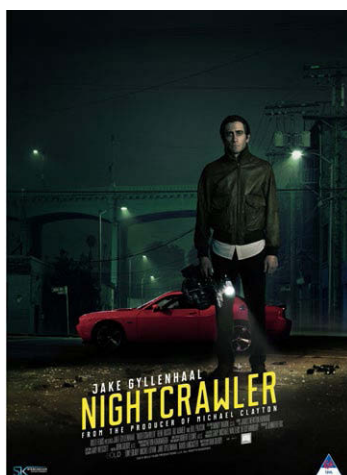
Set within the world of global cybercrime, Legendary's Blackhat follows a furloughed convict and his American and Chinese partners as they hunt a high-level cybercrime network from Chicago to Los Angeles to Hong Kong to Jakarta. The film is directed by Michael Mann and stars Chris Hemsworth, Viola Davis, Tang Wei and Wang Leehom



NIGHTCRAWLER

MARCH 6

Every night, while the city sleeps, motley crews armed with fast cars, expensive video cameras and blaring police radios prowl the sprawling Los Angeles basin in search of a story. These freelance stringers, known as nightcrawlers, hunt for crashes, fires, murder and other mayhem in hopes of selling the footage to local TV news. Pin-balling from one police scene to the next, they are driven by a simple equation that converts crime and victims into dollars and cents.



NEVER LOSE FOCUS

MARCH 13

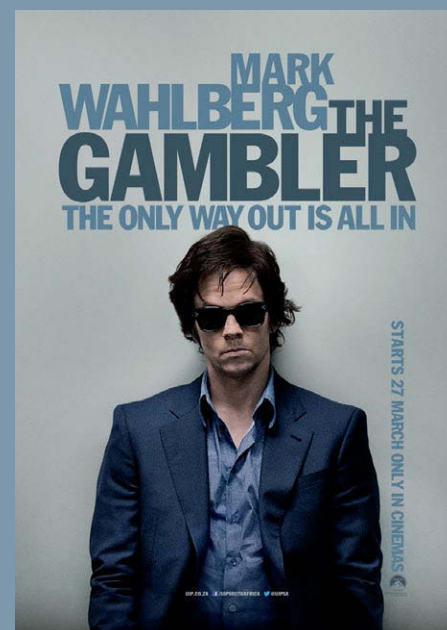
Will Smith stars as Nicky, a seasoned master of misdirection who becomes romantically involved with novice con artist Jess (Margot Robbie). As he's teaching her the tricks of the trade, she gets too close for comfort and he abruptly breaks it off. Three years later, the former flame – now an accomplished femme fatale – shows up in Buenos Aires in the middle of the high stakes racecar circuit. In the midst of Nicky's latest, very dangerous scheme, she throws his plans for a loop...and the consummate con man off his game.



THE GAMBLER

MARCH 20

****The Gambler**** is a remake of the 1974 movie starring James Caan as an English professor with a gambling addiction. In the original, Caan's character falls into debt to the mob for \$40,000 but seems to relish the thrill of gambling against the long shot. As a professor of literature at a New York University, he is in over his head, until his mother gives him some money, which he quickly tries to increase in Las Vegas. Unfortunately, the odds never allow him to win or fully recover, so his future is in the mob's hands. This iteration stars Mark Wahlberg with Brie Larson, Leland Orser, Jessica Lange, John Goodman and Emory Cohen. Directed by Rupert Wyatt.



COMIC RELIEF

BY WILL LEVITH

FOUR COMIC BOOKS YOU NEED TO READ RIGHT NOW

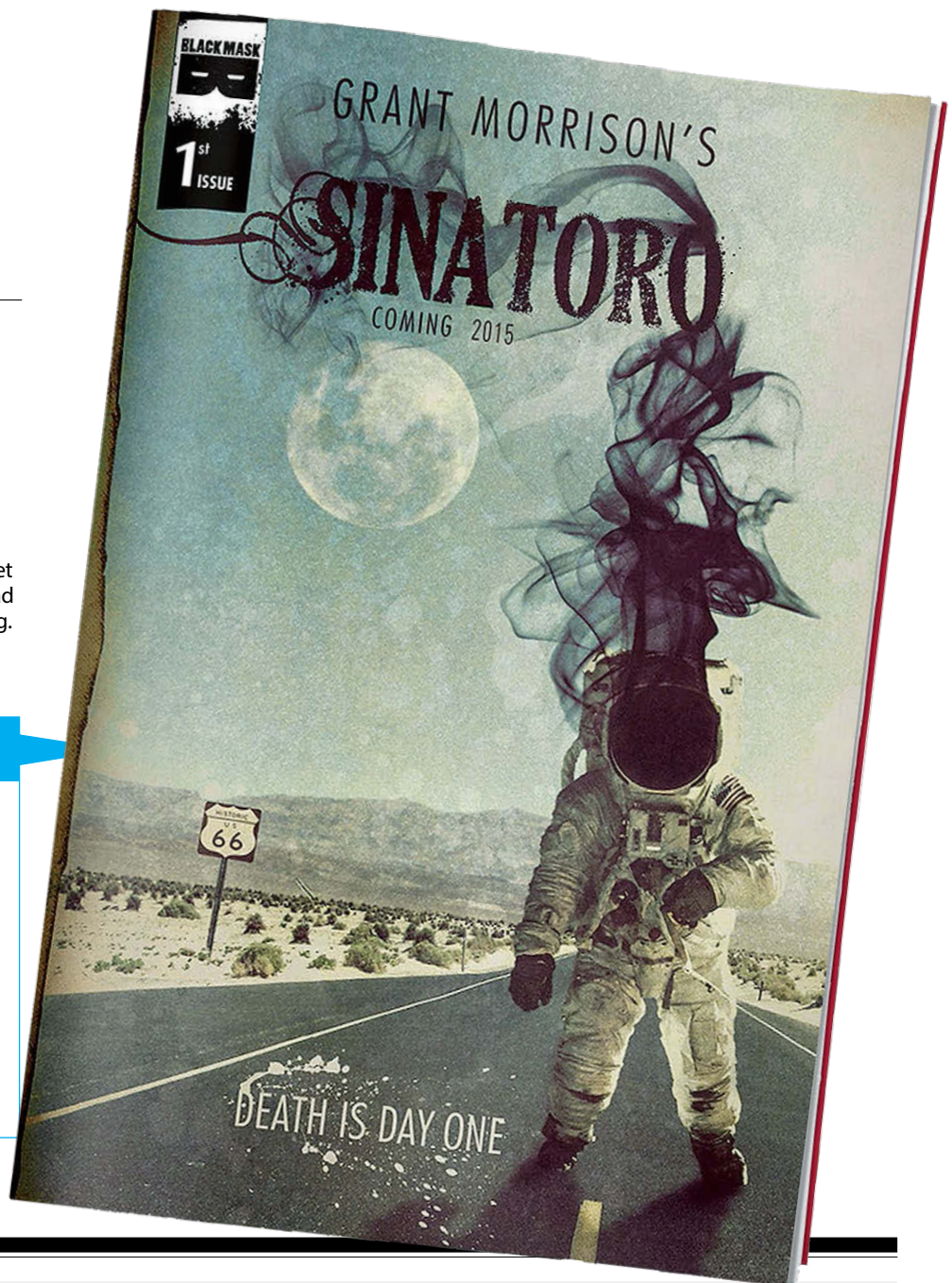
Screens both big and small are filled with comic books. *The Walking Dead*, based on a comics series by writer Robert Kirkman and artist Tony Moore, and classic superhero the Flash dominate TV ratings, while film versions of comics and graphic novels such as *The Avengers*, *Batman* and *Watchmen* set box office records. Here are our picks to read now before they become the next big thing.

Sinatoro

By Grant Morrison & Vanesa R. Del Rey

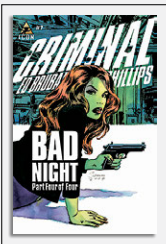
Set for release this year, *Sinatoro* worms from the mind of scribe Morrison, a comics legend known for work on *Batman*, *Swamp Thing* and other titles. Conceived as a screenplay, *Sinatoro* was refashioned via publisher Black Mask Studios, co-owned by Brett Gurewitz (of punk pioneers Bad

Religion and Epitaph Records). The story of a desert cult, it marries the *Tibetan Book of the Dead* and *Easy Rider*, with art from Cuban-born Del Rey. *Sinatoro* has breakout hit written all over it.



Criminal

By Ed Brubaker & Sean Phillips



Winner of the Eisner Award (the comic book world's Pulitzer) in 2007 and 2012, *Criminal* is equal parts John Woo's *The Killer*, Stanley Kubrick's *The*

Killing and Francis Ford Coppola's *The Godfather*. Brubaker has a gift for bad-guy inner monologue, while artist Phillips deftly sculpts Brubaker's underworld. Matthew Klein, clerk at Forbidden Planet NYC, rightly notes it would make for a perfect "event series" à la HBO's *True Detective*.

American Vampire

By Scott Snyder & Rafael Albuquerque

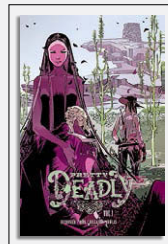


Stephen King, who once claimed his scary-as-hell 1975 epic *Salem's Lot* was his personal favorite, found himself co-authoring the first five issues of

American Vampire nearly 40 years later. But King's presence shouldn't detract from the series' true stars, writer-creator Snyder and artist Albuquerque. The pair render the story of vampires in the 19th century American West so credible and frightening you can hear the sucking sounds.

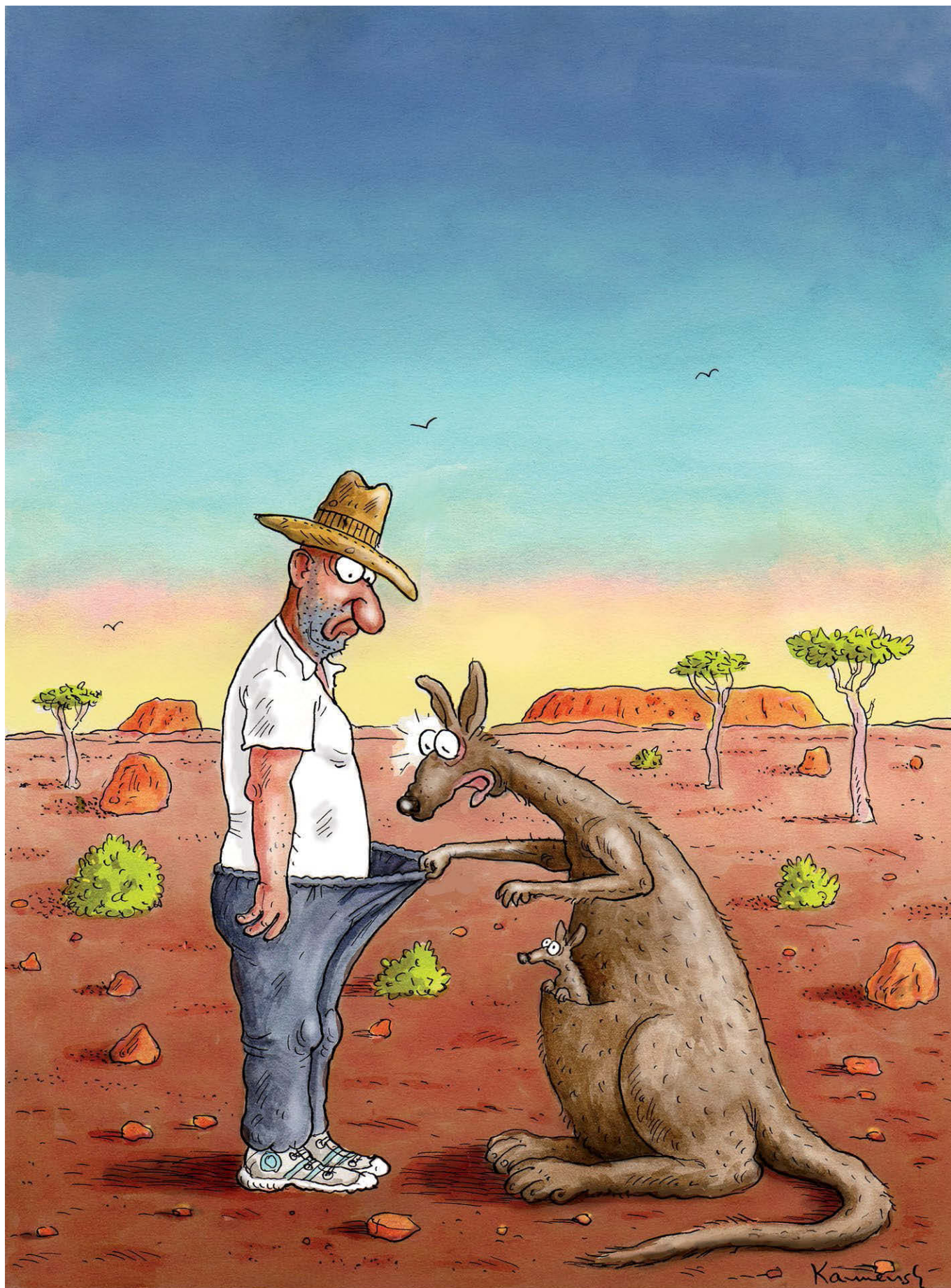
Pretty Deadly

By Kelly Sue DeConnick & Emma Rios



Stan Lee, Jack Kirby, Todd McFarlane – the comics universe has historically been a boys' club. DeConnick and Rios blow that away with their

brilliant series *Pretty Deadly*, in which badass females rule the roost. The phantasmagoric tale is replete with such characters as Kabuki-mask-faced Ginny (a.k.a. Death's daughter) and vulture-crown-wearing Sissy, all in a sunset-soaked Wild West rife with mysticism.



Wow, your baby is so little

Since the camera was invented, all men have acted the same way about having their photos taken: annoyed. We're in the middle of hiking and our girlfriends make us stop to smile. Or we're at a stuffy restaurant that already makes us feel uncomfortable, and we have to pass the camera to the waiter so everyone can stare at us. The only time we ever want a picture of ourselves is during sex, and that's because we can make whatever face we want since it won't be in the frame.

Yet men – willingly, alone, without any pressure from women – are taking selfies. These were originally the bailiwick of club girls on Myspace: shot in the bathroom mirror, cleavage showing, head tilted, hand on hair, duck lips out. But now dudes are taking photos of themselves trying to look cool: sunglasses on, baseball cap askew, beer in hand. Or worse, at the gym. Or worse, in the bathroom mirror, shirtless.

Men are even taking selfies in front of other people, utterly unaware of the shame they should feel. A woman taking a selfie in public is inherently hot. She's telling the whole bar to look at her, signaling her confidence. It's why the ads for the latest *Grand Theft Auto* show a blonde in a red bikini taking a selfie in front of the Santa Monica Pier. After centuries of posing for male artists, that women can at last objectify themselves – presenting the image of themselves that they choose – is empowering. All of this is so layered and complex, I have no idea if I truly believe it or just want to encourage pretty girls to keep posting their Frisky Friday pictures on Twitter.

For a man, though, I am absolutely certain taking a selfie is a demonstration of insecurity. Because we have the luxury of not being constantly evaluated on our looks, it's pathetic to care too much. It's why the just-out-of-bed-hair look works so well for us. And facial scars. It's the reason no man has ever said, "Let me change into something more comfortable." Compared with women, we're already wearing something comfortable. If you walk into a woman's bathroom and she has hundreds of beauty products and a few photos of celebrities whose style she's copying, you accept it. If a woman walks into a guy's bathroom and it's teeming with products and



SELFIE MADNESS

COME ON, GUYS. IS THERE
ANYTHING LESS MANLY THAN
POSTING A SELFIE?

BY JOEL STEIN

photos of George Clooney's hair, she has a legal obligation to warn George Clooney.

In texts and on Snapchat men make the idiotic mistake of responding to a selfie with a selfie. The proper response to a woman sending you a sexy selfie is *not* a sexy selfie. The proper response is "You are an attractive woman. I would like to buy you dinner and shiny things." A selfie is the modern equivalent of sitting for an oil portrait, which is done only by royalty, billionaire CEOs and conquerors. If Mark Zuckerberg's Instagram page is nothing but photos of him half-naked in the mirror, he's earned it. This, I have no doubt, is exactly what Vladimir Putin's page looks like. But the rest of us should put down

the camera phone. The lowest point of Obama's presidency has been when he shot a selfie with the inexplicably hot prime minister of Denmark at Nelson Mandela's funeral, while seated next to his wife. He did so many things wrong in that moment, Fox News almost exploded.

The reality for men is that the only people who want to see you staring into the lens are the same ones who wanted your class pictures: your parents, your grandparents and people who like to make fun of you.

According to a poll in the British newspaper *The Telegraph*, selfies are the most popular type of photograph. The third most popular tag on Instagram is #me. And men report taking more selfies than women. If men were meant to be looked at, we would have breasts.

There are, of course, exceptions to the rule. You can take a selfie to capture yourself doing exceptionally manly activities. Catching a huge fish, killing a bear, liberating prisoners of war. The best selfies are of NFL players about to go into surgery. Yes, artists create self-portraits. But Vincent van Gogh didn't paint himself shirtless and flexing. He showed himself vulnerable and messed up. Though, honestly, his self-portraits would be a lot more interesting if he were holding up a giant marlin.

It's also fine to take selfies if you're gay, since you're doing it for other men. Gay men are indeed being constantly evaluated on their looks, so they're right to try to control their image. Yes, gay trends trickle down, like shaving your junk, wearing boxer briefs and being nice. But selfies should not be one of these trends.

Perhaps the most manly thing about me, other than my looks, is that I didn't own a camera until I was 32, when I got a phone that came with one. All my photos from high school until that point had been gifts from women. The urge to visually chronicle my own life seemed unheroic. A man looks forward, not backward. His memory is enough. When celebrities I interviewed asked if I wanted to pose with them, I turned them down because it felt too self-glorifying. Instead of celebrating myself, I let others celebrate me. None of them did, but at least I wasn't doing it myself.

So when websites ask me to include a photo of myself, they get the one from my driver's license. It shows how I really appear and requires no effort, and because it's nearly 10 years old I look great. See, we're all a little vain. The smart ones just try not to show it. 🐣

BUT THEY'RE MY DUMB THINGS

BY HILARY WINSTON

YES, EVEN THROW PILLOWS MEAN SOMETHING TO HER. GET USED TO IT

Have you ever dated a woman who has a bed covered with a million pillows? Not just the pillows you use for sleeping but decorative pillows that have to be painstakingly removed every single night and replaced every single morning, sometimes by you? Of course you have. I must confess, I'm one of those women. And the answer is yes, we do need all those pillows. Walking into my room and having it look like a display at Bed Bath & Beyond is beyond anything I could have dreamed of when I was a tween and interior decorating comprised a Debbie Gibson poster from *Bop* magazine and a free blanket from an Astros game. I have yet to meet a throw pillow I would kick out of bed. I love them.

I know what you're thinking: How many people even see those pillows? That's a good point. It's usually just my guy, my housekeeper and a "lost" party guest looking for the bathroom (or my medicine cabinet). A few years back I had a break-in and the police did a top-to-bottom check of my house, including the bedroom. They noted that the bed was unmade, the room was in disarray and lots of drawers were open, but they determined the place was just "left a mess" (written on official documents) and not the work of the intruder, who apparently was too fat to squeeze through the French door he'd wedged open. After they left, I looked around and found my sex drawer open and its contents on full display. (You don't need to know the details of that drawer. We all have one, and everything's in there that you'd think would be in there – within reason.) It was a classic "always wear clean underwear because you could get in an accident" situation, and I will never let it happen

again. I will have *closed* sex drawers (or at least cleaner ones) and gorgeous throw pillows accenting the crap out of my bedroom, impressing whichever first responder comes through the door. Maybe "great taste" will end up on the next official police report.

Look, I'm not crazy. I know having so many throw pillows is dumb. They serve no practical purpose. Some are even pretty expensive. I get it, but I can't stop myself from caring about them and other dumb things. Napkin rings. The shower curtain that goes on the outside of the real shower curtain. Candles I put all over the place and that never get lit. I have decorative bowls, trays, rocks, even food. How many women do you know who have baskets around their home? Empty baskets that do nothing? And yet, take my baskets away, and who am I? Women care about a lot of dumb things. Tidying up the house before the housekeeper comes by. Fake logs in a fake fireplace. Putting a cover over the Kleenex box even though it's essentially its own cover. At the end of the day we *know* this is dumb stuff. And even though it doesn't always come across, we know the fate of the world doesn't hang on whether you accidentally use a guest towel.

But sometimes it feels as though only the dumb things matter. We can't control our stupid boss nixing our vacation request, our parents getting older or the IRS "not getting" our deductions. But we *can* control our own little world inside walls whose color we might have

agonized over. You probably think blue is blue, but we don't see it like that. Inside those four Ocean Breeze eggshell-finish walls, when we find the perfect place to put some old dried flowers, we feel we can get up and face the day. We escaped from the harsh outside world, where other people decide the wall colors and we can't have flowers on our desk because the guy in the next cubicle has a severe allergy. It's why we want to eat at the table and not in front of the TV, and use the nice dishes, even with takeout. They're dumb things to care about, but they're *our* dumb things to care about.

So let us care. Stop asking us why we have charger plates if we never eat off them. There is no good answer. They are not for eating off of, period. They are just pretty plates to put other pretty plates on. It will never make sense to you, but it makes sense to us. Things we don't need can still be nice. We don't *need* lavender soap, but it smells good, right? And those seemingly useless candles can come in handy when a storm knocks out the power. Some things are dumb, but those are the things you'll miss when you break up, and they're the things that make a home, with the right person. We understand when you tell us we can't move during your team's playoff game because if we move they will stop winning. Can we just agree that we all care about dumb things, just different dumb things? Good. Because I have to start taking the pillows off my bed if I'm going to get to sleep at a decent hour. 🐘



KATHERINE STREETER

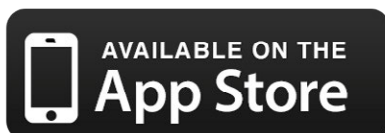


WHAT TO **DRINK.**
WHAT TO **WEAR.**
WHERE TO **GO.**



*(and where to find a
Playmate or two.)*

THE NEW PLAYBOY APP



PLAYBOY SOUTH AFRICA

MARCH 2015

PUBLISHER HECTOMIX INVESTMENT (PTY) LTD

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF CHARL DU PLESSIS | charl@playboy.co.za. +27 82 452 8110

MANAGING EDITOR TANYA GOODMAN | tanya@playboy.co.za. +27 82 671 2762

ART DIRECTOR CHRIS GARA | chris@playboy.co.za. +27 72 242 2418

MULTIMEDIA EDITOR GEORGE VAN DER RIET | george@playboy.co.za. +27 82 488 8113

PLAYMATE PHOTOGRAPHER MISS MARCH BY JOHN ZELEDNY

COVER PHOTOGRAPHER TONY KELLY

SPECIAL PICTORIALS SALVADOR DALÍ, POMPEO POSAR, MARZENA BUKOWSKA-FILUK,
WILFRIED WULFF, KESLER TRAN, RICHARD FEGLEY

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

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MAC LEWIS, ART DIRECTOR

REBECCA BLACK, PHOTO DIRECTOR

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MARY NASTOS, PUBLISHING SERVICES MANAGER

GABRIELA CIFUENTES, DIGITAL ASSET MANAGER

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